

SPECIAL 36TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION

Esquire

JANUARY 1998

Now in Color

MAN AT HIS BEST

Dubious Achievement Awards of 1997!



08276



01

0 748517 6

\$3.00

Marlboro



© Philip Morris Inc. 2007

© Philip Morris Inc. 2007

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Looking for a whale of a time
on your next vacation?
It's no problem for an ASTA travel agent.



DISCOVER CANADA
Official Travel Agent of the
Olympic Games

An ASTA agent can lead you right in the midst of your dream vacation, looking for a whistled European tour or a livelier island accommodation? No problem. Or maybe the time of your life is combining Canada's great outdoors with its most exciting cities. No problem there, either. ASTA travel agents have the knowledge and skills to make every vacation just as perfect and hassle-free as you imagined it. So your only surprise will be pleasant ones. Want a referral? No problem. Contact us at 1.800.965.ASTA or <http://www.astanet.com>



Esquire

VOL. 109 • NO. 1

Dubious Achievement Awards of 1997

What an unsavory little year this was. It started auspiciously enough: We inaugurated, again, by far the chubbiest guy we've had in the White House since Taft. But then everything fell apart, leaving us to do the only thing we could do: write hundreds of little jokes about it. Behold page 42, which proves that 1997 was in fact the most Dubious year ever; page 46, which reveals JFK Jr.'s biggest secret; page 47, which allows us to weep once more for our favorite dead princess; the Wonderful Underworld of Disney (it's worse than you thought); page 52; the Esquire Portable Apologist; page 56; and Mary Albert as epic hero, page 57. Bask in the year's shame-faced boasts! ♦Inspired by actual events♦

Features 64 I, Stalkerazzi

BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON
At precisely the worst moment in history to become a celebrity photographer—a reviled, relentless enemy of civility—the author became one. What he discovered is that a photograph does indeed steal the soul from



80 The Goo That Saved the World

BY RENE CHUN
...could be a mysterious, silvery ooze called Erogl. Its zealous creator says that it kills all known STDs, including AIDS. And you didn't know about it. Until now.

88 Juliet

FICTION BY ELIZABETH MCGRACKEN
It's a terrible word—crash. A woman could die from a crash. A boy could murder because of one.

Esquire Style 72 New Suit?

No, actually, it's not. But it looks like it, thanks to the boldly colorful shirt, sweater, or tie you're punching it up with.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN



86 The Esquire Guide to the Perfect Shine

May the light upon your shoes always reflect skyward. The secrets of a fine shine come out of the dark

contributors



When *Major* cofounder **David Byrne** joined *Esquire* as editor at large, he was just a man with a dream. "My dream was of a readable, smart magazine for the world's peoples, of those with different backgrounds, hopes, and sensibilities joining hands to make this the most special *Dahoon* issue ever," says a wistful Byrne. "But pretty soon, I just wanted to get the thing done without having to kill anybody." Good thing he didn't kill contributing editor **Larry Doyle**, who in addition to writing for *The Simpsons*, is a headline machine, or **Stephen Strentz**, a former *Lester* man writer, and **Paul Fough**, an editor at public radio's *The American Life*, who both have a thing about Michael (Pleby) Thanks also to **Ariel Kaminer**, senior editor at *New York*, and **Chris Hema**, formerly of *Wired*. And, finally, ladies to picture in words: **Linda Ferrer** and her assistant **Ruby Palmer**, as well as researcher **Andrew Wood**. Our thirty-seventh annual *Debut* Awards menu. Awards begin on page 42.

While reporting his November Men at the Ben pace on the top-on skin flicks of all time, coauthoring their *Here* Chen enabled up-on *Esquire* a controversial product currently being used by porn stars and politicians to protest against SADA and HIV. "It's got the potential to radically alter our sex lives," says Chen, who wears a condom for *Esquire* and is a frequent contributor to *New York* magazine. "The formula is surprisingly simple. *Esquire*'s main ingredient is censorship, which most men tend to think is the new stuff that's in *Esquire*." (That would be himself.) "One guy I talked to thought censorship was an male rock band," he continues. "I mean, men should know these things." "The *Go* 'The Sound the World' began on page 10.



Wear as large **Scott Fahl** didn't have a particularly good time during his week in Laughlin. Nevada, a desert town that has become the mecca for the country's low rollers (America, page 30). Accompanied by his twenty-year-old father, Fahl played the one did he does (he went home into riches), wearing profusely in the Vegas sun, and dabbled in the local cuisine. "As a carnivore, I'd never met a prime rib I didn't like—and I went to Laughlin," he says. Fahl, who currently lives in New Jersey, goes on to say, "It might sound overdone, but Laughlin is the absolute end of the road. It's a gambling town, so there's no product whatsoever. There's only prey."



As January also marks the final installment of our serial story, *Chase Fiction* (by Garrison Keillor, see back page), it's time to pay tribute to the writer who contributed to the haunting assemblage of images that accompany the issue: **Frank Holland**, **Arnie Kuntz**, **David Sandlin**, **Owen Smith**, and **Thomas Woodruff**. "I thought the whole assignment was really brilliant and fun to do," says Kuntz, a Toronto native who also contributes to *Time* and *Rolling Stone*, among other publications. "It's exciting to see illustrations used in such a creative way." Frank Holland, who has been married for a while and awarded a gold medal from the *Art Directors Club* in New York, offers a slightly different perspective on the mission. "I've been doing collaborative projects like this for years—especially with kids," he says. "I look at it like adding on to a house. Instead of remodeling, you just keep adding rooms on." Looks good to us.



What's most important in home theater audio?

The size of the equipment?



Or the size of the sound?

Lifestyle® music and home theater systems.
Hear the difference Bose® technology makes.

"Everything is included and carefully thought out...The performance is marvelous."
—Home Theater Technology

BOSE
Better sound through research.

1-800-444-BOSE Ext. 443 www.bose.com/lifestyle

©1999 Bose Corporation. JPS/01/0101 *Hear a series of the lifestyle® to hear these speakers.

AMERICA'S CUP POND BOAT



The majesty of the famous 1900's J/boat is classically evoked in our hand-built model. Sleek and aerodynamic, our replica is 42" high and 30" long, built plank on frame in keeping with the original plans. Bring the history of America's Bicentennial into your home with this beautiful historic model. \$575/246 \$185.00

Call 800-759-6292

Mrs. Minter-Gard, Designer in American Express credit

Or send check or money order to Creative Solutions P.O. Box 80821, Dept. EQ151,

Des Moines, IA 50347-0521

Please add \$6.95 for shipping & handling

esky

Another year gone, forgotten, but, lucky for you, handily summed up in this very special *Special Thirty-sixth Anniversary Collector's Edition*.

The *Dubonnet Achievement Awards* of 1997 is the only special, year-end Special Issue we will be publishing to commemorate this year's year-end and as such is an instant collectible. If you are reading this, you have already added this copy and so must purchase another, which you will want to store in a dry, temperature-controlled environment—a concerned collector's bedroom, perhaps.

You will need plenty of space, not only for your Mylar-bagged January 1998 *Bazaar* but also for your other year-end 1997 collectibles: *Time* magazine's Man of the Year issue, *Entertainment Weekly's* Entertainment of the Year, *Newsweek's* Year in Characters, *Life's* Year in Pictures, *Rolling Stone's* Year in Rock, *Playboy's* Year in Sex, *Judge* magazine's 10 Most Battering People, the *500* too, the *Out* too, and whatever reader survey special issue *The New Yorker* will be putting out this month.

Stack them up in neat piles, close and bolt the door, seal it with blow-up foam, slap on large 1997 YEAR IN SPECIAL YEAR-ENDS COVER. And know that at any time in the future, you or your descendants or whoever life-form succeeds as can later blast the chamber open, flip through the pages, and feed—read the hundreds of colorful pictures of celebrities and thousands of black-and-white photo graphs of the Princess of Wales—what year it was, in twenty-five words or less.

We wouldn't presume to reduce an entire year to a catchphrase or a catchphrase, but fortunately we are usually alone in this regard. And though we don't yet know which late former future queen *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *People* will choose as

most emblematic of the year, others have been busily reconstructing 1997 for months now. Back in January the *National Garden Bureau* declared 1997 the Year of the Petunia, which was entirely prescient, given that the yellow rose, which came to symbolize Diana's death, was also a flower (Less precisely, the bureau also declared 1997 the Year of the Mischka, which Diana no doubt ate at some point but which failed to attach itself to her in any meaningful way.) The European Commission also declared 1997 the Year Against Racism, best exemplified by the way in which Dodi Fayed's ethnic background hardly ever came up when he began dating Diana. And the *Siouxport* *Red-Cap* Opening Committee declared 1997 the Year of AEBL—anyone's 1981, which had a crucial impact on Diana's life, write us.

The main disadvantage of labeling a year before it happens, of course, is that then the year happens. Members of a French nonsectarian association publicly had something other than Bill's Paparazzi in mind when they declared 1997 the Year of the Monocle in the City. But we now have the benefit of hindsight, and so can reflect on 1997 with some authority.

How about 1997 well be remembered as the Year of Women, not just that pretty one who died but also all those other ones who ruled. "Why women and why now?" Jane Womm asked in the editor's letter of *Rolling Stone's* special Women of

Rock issue in November, noting the sudden emergence of such female second artists as Tina Turner and Mariah Carey. He missed by only a couple of months *Spin* magazine's Girl Issue and by only a couple of months *Time's* and *Newsweek's* lengthy stories on the subject and by only a couple of years the Women in Rock Special Issue. *Rolling Stone* did back in 1994. Though, in Womm's defense, there certainly were more women in rock this year than there were in the NFL, which is finishing its Year of the Woman with only a few domestic abuse cases to show for it.

No in fact. Soon the media complex



emerge will settle on the catchphrase and phrase that we use 1997 and remember them we will, much as we remember last year's Time Man of the Year, David Nix, and *Newsweek's* Hero of 1997, Bill Jui.

You see, that's why we go with the *Dubonnet Achievement*, during every year. It's easy to remember, and it's always right. H

abitat

January Resolutions. Like dropping the gut, defacing the checkbook, and maybe staying in the joint, it's the last one—and the mildest—we make while pursuing it—that interests Mario Pomarello, interior designer and author of the upcoming *House + Home* (Simon & Schuster Editions). When we try to make more money, the house and home, most of all, he says, add to our problems. This, confessions, is work. The problem isn't saving enough, it's having too much. While there are you must downsize your domestic clutter, Pomarello's conclusion: No room should have more than one thing bigger than a bread box. Here are his other guidelines:

1. If it's broken (ix it this weekend) or forgot it. 2. If you can't remove one chair, remove what the chairs are standing. 3. If it's made of plywood, get rid of it. 4. Your ex-girlfriend is your enemy. 5. If your mother-in-law gives it to you, chances are you should throw it out. 6. If the IRS sent it to you, keep it for at least seven years. 7. If you don't plan to use it today, put it away. If you don't plan to use it within three months, store it. If you can't say "pump it," it's the best deal about it is that it was cheap. 8. If it's a gift, "pump it" and give it to the wedding or anniversary. 9. If it's a family heirloom, or possibly could be confused with another heirloom, to under no circumstances are you to throw away anything as fast as the next man.



ANTHONY BOOTS

bling" means no bling... Never let what happened to Steven Seagal happen to us... Never smoke sober... Best off the



For information on photography, call 312-312-1000

Not Too Early

If they plan ahead about six months—right about now for a June wedding—they might be lucky enough to get hot. And this is what people say when they see him: One was with the fresh field sex and the look out to him (he don't need no kinky) viewfinder, sitting and sucking away the dancing towels like a guajira mambo king, looking for moments to snail. When they say when they are in this "who is that guy?"

And they say this not because they don't know then he is the wedding photographer because that is really apparent: Rather, because Steven is a lot of things in a lot of wedding photographs they have ever seen. For starters, he is proud to shoot couples—lives it in his. More than one couple has changed to wedding date to accommodate him.

But it's more. Gots doesn't believe in a lot of it, it's only by black and white—gallery quality film noir photorealistic candid, so lucky married on fiber paper. Here's his wife. He wears himself into evening, he becomes the wedding. He goes and goes into the streets to his subjects with the first flash—whether they laugh and come to him and live in the streets, sometimes four sometimes four minutes of a single can capture burning holy like holy in a night.

When he can't be there, he would be decked in a regular basis. He shoots the bride and her maidens as they dress, documenting the inevitable skin blemishes, the holy embrace, the precious moments. He pursues the brides and the well-to-do and the catering staff, working them up until they smile. He passionately loves shooting women in black dresses, the busy second cousin splashing of her black number like flower petals in the air.

For too, he believes you, of at least \$4,000 just to walk in the door and \$25 per night by the price. Before it better. He once caught a Honda Accord on a road. Besides, you do this only once. Light? It's better to spend on the flowers," Gots says. "The pictures last forever." —TIA ALUNA

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY

Aural History

This is not a new release. In fact, not once in the forty-five years since it first debuted has it been reissued. It's the *Billboard* charts. It is, however, among the most successful collections in the history of popular music, and it is just now available on CD. American musicologists, the *Anthology of American Folk Music* has been credited with everything from the rise of Dylan to the whole blues revival. In 1932, wary Smith compiled the collection from a trove of twenty Depression-era TFS cut by two obscure artists like Mississippi John Hurt, Prince Albert Hunt's Texas Ramblers, and such perennial lost souls as Harry Smith.

and "Chubby" Parker. As Greg Mancos put it in his lead essay for the collection, Smith found the sounds of "the old, weird America." In so doing, he mixed blues, gospel, and country with music that is difficult to name or region. This set CD set forth fully re-produced Smith's original format and piggybacked a CD-ROM on the final disc. The collection contains eighty-four tracks, and fittingly some can get kind of heavy, and there are lots of pure gold. It doesn't matter if you don't know what Leman Jefferson (from New Orleans) is listening to this music is so much to make it possible to believe that, like Walt Whitman, you hear America singing. —STUART SEVENTH



TOAST BY
GEORGE HAMILTON

CHAMPAGNE BY
DOMAINE STE. MICHELLE

WINNER OF MORE THAN 100 MEDALS
IN INTERNATIONAL WINE COMPETITIONS

Mr. Smith Scores

Like most indie artists, Alice Smith does not dream of superstardom. There was even a time when the singer-songwriter was so nervous to enter a profession in which striving isn't stuff it often a prerequisite to being accepted that he seriously considered being a fireman. But his musical collaboration on Gus Van Sant's new film, *Good Will Hunting*, a meditation on success and the things we do to keep ourselves from achieving it, might just make a star out of Smith after all.

When Smith's focus on the tug of war between passion and practicality, *Hidden History* Portlander Smith is perfect musical collaborator. This week is the offering of Mike McKelvey's 1947 ramble of post-teen asceticism, the decade. And Smith's solemn acoustic punk songs, like restless transmutations of Simon & Garfunkel's folk-rock music, beautifully but unobtrusively comment on a young man's struggle to find love and direction. "I was surprised at how much Good Will Hunting seemed to have

in common with some of the songs," Smith says, body pulling a Camel light in the bar at the Black Cat nightclub in Washington, D.C.

On three critically acclaimed solo discs, including his most recent, *Behavior* (Silt Road Sound), Smith has mapped out a psychic terrain similar to Van Sant's heretofore elusive. In a word where nothing exists and people fight both to strut off the low expectations of others and to confront their own unmet needs.

At the Black Cat, Smith's voice is surreal and euphoric in full of mystery and suspicion as an overheard conversation. And his gift for serving classic pop melodies and occasionally desperate lyrics makes the thing eerily about verses of "Say No" and the bougie bad-call seductiveness of "Between the Stars" alternately humorous and terrifying. "I want to be both John Lennon and Paul McCartney at once," he jokes and cracks a hopeful smile.

—Dwight Garner



A Wet Whomp

Work with this, it's called *Shorebreak* at shorelines, palm trees swaying, waves crashing. You can taste the exhilaration, the impending release. You close your eyes and lose yourself—yes, yes, miles, you're riding mostly on the sand like a sea lion in heat. Show down there, Johnny Love. This ain't *Baywatch*, and *Yasmine* Smith is nowhere in sight. It's January and cold as a wet digger's ass out here. Yes, you are taking a roll on the beach, but it's "cuz it's a big, nasty wave just spit you out like a giant spitter. And you, with your marbles still rattling, flail straight back in for more bodywhomping. Yes, bodywhomping. Think of it as surfing, minus the indomitable cushion of water and the board. At whelming-sites—Marina Street in La Jolla, California, is one of the most up-loading fun—the water gets sucked out of the waves and leaves otherwise responsible adults staring down the curl at a lot of sand. All you need is whomp is a piece of beach angled like a pizza slice on edge, some winter-sour waves, and the sense of adventure you derived when you started wearing a swimsuit to why pursue this shoreline madness? It's not to get a surfer girl in fact, the only hard nipples within miles belong to the other shivering cold guys who've come out for a good sea whomp. "It's about the thrill of losing control," says a resident lifeguard. That's a thrill for me, you'll have to catch me. Smith is in synch.

—LARRY MONTALI

Rule No. 12: It's okay to be friendly to cops. **Rule No. 109:** It's okay to ride your bike to work. **Rule No. 80:** Other people's conversations always sound dumb.



WALTER D'ARCY

appropriate ... Watch animal shows and apply their savage wisdom in our daily lives ... Sling, but in private ... Not too

If you're not getting deep, tranquil sleep, it may be because you're not breathing well through your nose. Even subtle breathing difficulties can lead to tossing and turning, and fidget, disrupted sleep. *Breathe Right* strips gently and instantly pull open nasal passages, so you can breathe easier. And, as a result, sleep better. Available everywhere.

©1997 B. R. Inc. All Rights Reserved. B. R. Inc. is a registered trademark of B. R. Inc.

100% Cotton. 100% Soft. 100% Comfortable.

100%

You are getting sleepy.

Very.

Very.

Sleepy.



Breathe Right Sleep-Throat



Forget fusion cuisine: Don't even bother looking a table at that hot bistro in Iowa. Stop wondering why you can't build a table for vampire wives. And don't worry about getting a personal handout at a cyber bar—it's so 1999. In fact, all these things are very last year. The staff's finished. On with the new year is upon us, and fashions in dining change just like everything else. So how do you know what to expect? What will the new trends be? Well, let me cast into my crystal ball. Yes, I see...

- [illegible]

all times . . . Vote . . . Never say "outside the box" . . . Tell no Mary Albert jokes . . . Mistletoe regularly . . . Cook occasionally

After milk, pils, and sandwiches, however, the safety of the liquid was not what you'd expect. "I've never had and don't you stop yourself only on the way," he said. "It is not an advantage to be a drinker to know! The hard head cider will have a hard head in each of the past few years, with commercial cider being a hard head in root in more than a dozen states. But what may even be the latest step is the non-alcoholic beverage, but is actually a return to the first ciders, not less or more, but the most American ciders, the kind of ciders, and I'm sure it's there like John Adams said: the first ciders in the world."

Hard cider is most simply defined as an alcoholic beverage made from apples. Craft ciders, the most popular type, often has to be watered down to its prescribed alcohol content range of between 5 and 7 percent, while farmhouse, or "real," cider has no additives and can be as strong as wine, around 12 percent alcohol by volume.

A good place to start your cider exploration is with a bottle of HardCider.



from the Houston Beer Company with no extra sugar, it has a fresh-picked apple's crispness and bite. Try it at brunch as an appetituous, citrusy pop or stand-in for if the Patriots make the Super Bowl. —Steve Rosen

Rule No. 66: The left lane is called the passing lane.
Rule No. 213: For a multitude of reasons, tanned people are not to be trusted.
Rule No. 118: There is nothing good about berets.

*Y*ou've got thinning hair. We've got the solution. NIOXIN's decade of biochemical research has led to significant breakthroughs in the treatment of thinning and fine hair. Our non-drug, non-alcohol products are proven to effectively help reduce excessive daily hair loss by nourishing the hair root with advanced bioingredients. NIOXIN, the solution for the best healthy hair.

NIOXIN
The Science of Living Hair



You have a lot in common with your dad, but you don't want his receding hairline or thinning hair. During your young adult years, hair follicles can become permanently damaged because of increased levels of androgens (testosterone), the leading cause of thinning hair. That's why we've developed HEE. You've got a full head of hair. HEE will help you keep it that way.

FIT™ The Scalp Fitness Program

LIMITED TIME OFFER:

Receive a Free FIT Kit with the purchase of a NICKIN Starter Kit
Only \$29⁹⁵ (\$57⁹⁵ Value)

Ask your stylist about NICKLIN and FIT or call 800-628-9940 or 770-944-4308
and take advantage of this special one time offer today. Offer good while supplies last.



Yestershoes

Unless you've moved to Tahiti and gone native, you've probably noticed that loafers are fashionable again. But the Andy Hardy model you wore when you were BMOC and dated a To-Gett. And certainly not those thin-soled, low-voiced slip-ons favored by voluptuous and sedate aristocrats. Think Gucci, Patrick Cox, Dolce & Gabbana. And if you really want to be ahead of the curve, think Yums.

This humble shoe, originally introduced by Kortholm in 1945, is the latest retro footwear to be embraced by the fashionistas. And like the Hugh Hefner phenomenon and Drew Carey and his glasses, this shoe, with looks akin to those of Miami Clever's favorite slipper, is simply a case of something being so utterly ugly, it's suddenly deemed fashionable. And, of course, there's the same Yums. If John Wayne and Lee Marvin hadn't worn cowboy boots, this is what they would have asked for in a suit.

In the studies, though, the Yums was decidedly unattractive, while other companies were busy cashing in on the leather-cowboy-panting-by-the-fire-rails and ordering their penny slippers in order to accommodate quivers—Horsemen went minimalist. The Yums was nothing more than a hand sewn up-on-with-a-macramé construction, albeit with a rakish high vamp. The Zoo styling didn't catch on, and the Yums was discarded from the Florida line in 1949. Then, in the early seventies, the Argentine shoe designer Yums, proclaimed it a homage to the elegance of America, and began obtaining it by special order. More recently, Euro fashion enthusiasts began to think of it as the poor man's Prada boot.

—Bret Cohen



For information, see page 100 of this issue.

A Holga Moment

Looking at other people's pictures is inherently dull (that, unlike the author's first sentence—[E]veryone the holga consciousness of fame videos and the proliferation of "panoramic sun" throwaway cameras, many an acquaintance has been wistfully victimized by the family vacation member twenty-seven show well-oiled but while innocently posing on the couch of an overexposed school senior want to help the world of this miser into camera? Does a Holga Manufactured in China. It is the world's most unexciting serious camera. The perfect solution for backcountry photography. With any four focus ranges and two exposure settings and watching it between a leather and a field mouse, the Holga takes strangely beautiful, cinematic pictures of two-part interlocking areas about light to bleed through constantly from the shadows, making it almost impossible to take a boring picture regardless of the subject matter. Holga has, in only eight years, gently focus it across the sides of every machine. And because of the size of the image (about 25 inches square), the points are less given and hold more contrast than your standard 35mm. But best of all, at \$20 a pop, \$25 with shipping and handling, the Holga is the perfect traveling companion. Next time your friend announces he's going to Bangladesh, give him yours for his return before he leaves—give him a Holga.

—JOSHUA LINTON

The Shelf

Oh, how very weird and ingenious are the manifestations of human creativity! A lampshade constructed of some dead guy's flesh? A man displayed in a cage at a zoo? The practice of using human teeth for dentures? The Crazies? Conspiracy? Concessions? These very ideas tell us as much about us as these atrocities! I guess, many men, apparently, have spent many, many men hours in search of ways in which to better, and more creatively, denigrate one another. Richard Zacks' An Underground Education (Shambhala, \$22.50) is enlightening if enlightening is what you really want to be) to this regard and reports the annals of ugly behavior and stupid ideas with a certain deadly grace. Zacks' fantastic book is bristling with rock and sword-stick in its attitude. History, Zacks delights in reminding, was made

by unattractive people who rarely bathed and hid hideous teeth whitened tooth-boiled history is a bit Western women went underneath before the nineteenth century Christopher Columbus was a slave trader the French used the guillotine to execute people until we've been taught these truths in school, maybe I would have paid more attention in class—and learned more efficient ways of getting back at the plumed docters who subdued me "holster me" the urge for rebellion—gagback swift and painful—to a sunny one out where would human history be without it? An Underground Education asks you to consider this question. It also makes you wonder why people really ever bothered, you know, with surviving, with going on, imagine, if you live, life before indoor plumbing.

—APRIL MALLIN

Skin Care That Works

THE BODY PERFECT™

Pore It!

With *Paraglyma Gel*! Toner, astringe, and firm lotion, these areas with the benefits of a relaxing "body flushing" massage. It combines an advanced liposome formulation with the benefits of aromatherapy.

Tan It!

With *Cool Bronze*! You'll get a soothing, cooling sensation while your skin receives a deep, rich tan body care. And it comes even with a tanning streaking for a shimmering tan all year round.

Moisturize It!

With *Moisture*! Your face isn't the only part of your body that needs constant hydration and moisturization. Your entire body needs to be hydrated, and Moisture works especially well on arms, hands, and feet.

Loosen It!

With *Detangler*! Body Shampoo, you'll feel as though you're luxuriating in the depths of a soothing tropical rain forest. Get a whole-body moisturizer that works as a perspiration so it enriches dry skin.

Take It All Off!

Quickly, easily, painlessly, safely, an reliably. Clinically-proven *Removal* Professional Hair Removal Creams explicitly eliminates the problems of old hair wax, soft wax, and sticky sugar wax hair removal methods. Safe enough to be used over 90% of your body! Now—for a limited time—we'll give you a free gift just for trying it. Just take this to your nearest registered salon or your first full-body hair removal treatment, and we'll give you a bottle of *Removal* Professional Hair Conditioning lotion as a gift. Absolutely free!

You Can Shave Too!

Does the best job ever of leaving your skin smooth, comfortable, and irritation-free. If you have sensitive skin, *EgoWax* Hair Care Shave Cream with your shave cream will give great results every time you shave, no matter what type of skin you have. It was specially created to deal with rough, sensitive, difficult skin, and even works on those bumps and on ingrown hairs.

Who We Are

We make products for the professional market, and they meet the highest standards of quality and effectiveness. If you would like to receive our unique, free catalog, please call or write today toll-free.

Equibal, Inc.

PO Box 75346
Florida, NE 1092
(800) 777-7464

Always use all products together for best results.

by... Think often... Help more, and be much, reach less remote... Okay, Mary Albert walks into this Nigeria stone....

the lives of men

"Do you remember the movie?" asks Rebekah.

"What about the one with the wife's husband's love?"

"Yep," she says in that particular way of hers, the short, simple declarative word becoming two long, pregnant syllables, slapping up the musical scale from middle C, ending behind parted lips. *Nonstop*, the resonance left in

and then she shoulders, voluntarily, probably just to get my goat.

I smile, my head in her direction, mine one eyebrow, a man-of-the-world suggestion, just a tad more subtle than my customary seductive dance, pined down over the years into a simple verbal gesture, a question, really. *Wanna do it?* "Are you saying that having a man-of-the-world is a bad

on the side of my shoe has carpet. Automatic transmission.

Poor guy, doesn't get enough. Wouldn't know what to do without it. He did. The married guy. Then, peas, peas. Last Christmas, in the middle of a houseful movie across the country, overwhelmed by the thought of having presents, Rebekah and I discussed the option of exchanging personal items

for meals and sleep and sex during the errand, but most of the time—flying, underfoot, unnecessary, loaded over—they stayed away.

Out of the house, with no pressing need to hunt, men had lots of free time to brood about the way women treated them, about their basic lack of purpose in the gender scheme of things. While brooding, they devel-

oped misogyny, political systems, philosophies, sports, war, music, literature, and crafts. In everything they created, they mirrored God's earlier rulings and put themselves in charge, denying women a voice, writing them, locking them away, trying to make them powerless and irrelevant.

Unfortunately for men, all these

courts or the boardrooms but certainly in the house. What was most important to be a man's rule and privilege as now a woman's choice. Rejected, to be righted those, the gates is not at this time inclined toward benevolence. There is the small matter of tribulation. Wretched that we are, we must pay for the sins of our fathers.

An old sentence once explained to

while brooding, men developed religion, politics, sports, and war. In all of it, they overruled God.

the air between us carrying the weight she's been denied by marriage to bear a lifetime of cohabitation with a soul husband, her own personal Al Bundy. Her husband, this man-dope—who just doesn't quite measure up, who has more of the traits and skills and similarities still require in a hot friend or a roommate. "We use it last week. Last Tuesday, remember? The woman becomes the rich man's concubine."

"Ah, yes," I say lecherously with accompanying dirty-old-blondin air. "The rich man's concubine." I don't know quite why it comes out this way. It is a reactive choice that leaps forward without regard, seemingly, to any knowledge or enlightenment I may have gathered over the years. Some kind of deep biological imperative. Some instinct that compels me to fulfill the expectations of my sex.

"No, Al," the waitress, playing along, playing R, letting it drop. She can't be pinned in any of this time. Peas and valleys define the long, bald, high and low over the span of years, over the span of seconds. A script flares, a little automatic spitter goes off, a smart device that has learned over time the difference between spark and fire. "No, really," says Rebekah. She just wants to have a simple conversation. "Remember the movie? On the chosen night, when the women has to sleep with the guy, all the old ladies come to her room and give her a perfumed bath and comb and oil her hair, and she gets a man-of-the-world. Then they give her one of those great foot massages, you know, with the little hammer thing." She pauses a moment. "I get chills just thinking about it," she says,

you feel like having sex?"

"No," she says, her face pained into a wide, supportive grin. "It makes me feel like having a foot massage."

Now it is my turn to sink into the seat. I do not feel radiant. Staring along the double yellow line in my post-foot-hold four-door Saturn, following a road well traveled, I become aware once again of the nagging, low-level buzz, the prickling little buzz that has lived deep inside my bone since a time not long after my marriage, maintained all the more these days by my abandonment of underwear.

They say that blow jobs came after the wedding night. They say that the longer you're married, the less you have sex. It's normal and natural. It's the sign that a couple's relationship is evolving into something deeper, a sign that the scales have been tipped in such a way that the sexual has become more important than the physical, so much more relevant than the white-hot fan ignited inside the pet of your stomach the first time you ever saw her, the overwhelming desire to take this woman immediately to your bed and make love to her no, to take her somewhere and fuck her—worship at her feet, set her mind aflame, make her body wriggle and writhe and quake, to do all the tricks that you do so well, to make her moan and cry out and then cadence up against your chest, spent and pulsing by your own hand, to make her sweat you again and again. Chasing a strip-tease, a single line, the Saturn founders. Recklessly, I lift my left foot, reach with my right hand for the stick. I want to downshift, to take control, to get a more

instead of girls. Well, maybe I came up with the idea. "I know what I want," I said, chasing like a child.

"Let me guess," she answered. "I ended up on Christmas morning with this dysfunction-like silver thing from Tiffany's."

You hear a lot of complaining from women about male domination, exploitation, objectification. About our basic tendencies and positions. About our personal aesthetic taste of home—the way we've always following them around, waiting after them, pursuing them for sex. Women from all over as a social-label issue, something that requires statutory reform and away long and expensive hours in the offices of female family counselors.

But if you look at it in a different way—and as a man, I must—you come up with a slightly different take. Go back to the beginning, when humans were more like animals, living in the wild. With reproduction to support good, smart, strong things to start families were the accident. Sex. Women made babies, so society revolved around them. Men brought down food, fought one another for their affections; women took multiple partners to ensure survival of the species. Society was matriarchal. Women were in charge. They had the power of yes and no. They either let you in or didn't.

Then women invented agriculture. Life moved from tents and caves to villages, and the significance of man's role as bacon bringer was greatly diminished. Women did all the farming, all the child rearing. The hearth became the center of the universe, men were treated and ruled like one of the kids. They came home

opened misogyny, political systems, philosophies, sports, war, music, literature, and crafts. In everything they created, they mirrored God's earlier rulings and put themselves in charge, denying women a voice, writing them, locking them away, trying to make them powerless and irrelevant.

Unfortunately for men, all these

the that the goddess, with modern women is that they own half the merry and all the pussy in the world. They have it, we want it. And now that the new age has leveled the playing field, there's nothing much we can do. We can strike an enthusiastic tone, we can plaster our faces into wide, supportive grins. We can pull them and pepper them and build our platforms with special planks included just for them. We can pay for a babysitter and take our own baby-sitting. We can watch the clock. We can

laurel, nodded deep into the passenger seat.

"What?" I say, snapping out of my self-absorbed reverie, disoriented, imagining for a second that she's been reading my mind.

"You know you go into the microwave place, and there are all these Oriental women sitting in chairs. The older women choose a girl for you, and you pay off. She takes you in hand. You're not allowed. You pay to be pleasant."

She's just trying to torture me, right?

DID YOU EAT YOUR FRUITS AND VEGETABLES TODAY?

SuperJuice



Doing 5 servings of fruits and vegetables per day is recommended by the U.S. Department of Agriculture to maintain optimum health and prevent certain diseases. Most of us don't eat the recommended servings of these natural rich foods, which means we're not getting the nutrients we need. SuperJuice® is a natural fruit and vegetable supplement that contains many natural substances called "phytonutrients" found in fruits and vegetables. Phytonutrients are rich in natural antioxidants, vitamins, trace minerals and enzymes that nourish and protect our bodies.

SuperJuice® offers a reliable and easy supplement with nutrients from 27 fruits and vegetables. SuperJuice® is uniquely formulated to approximate the natural blend of 5 servings of SuperJuice® supplies the nutritional equivalent of 5 servings of fruits and vegetables. If you don't get enough fruits and vegetables... try SuperJuice®.

Available at: Walgreens, Safeway, Costco, Eckerd's and other local pharmacies carrying WholeFoods. For the most important info call 1-800-833-4326, ext. 49.

Please consult your physician before taking any dietary supplement. Read the label carefully. SuperJuice® is a registered trademark of SuperJuice, Inc. © 2000 SuperJuice, Inc.

the word

looked by literary culture in America. A writer who—if there's any justice in literary history—as opposed to literary celebrity—will come to be regarded as the author of classics on the order of a twentieth-century Mark Twain, a writer who captures the soul of America, the true timber of the dream-obsessed voices of this country, in a way that no writers' workshop fiction plot has done or is likely to do, who

It's funny. Before I spoke with Bloom and learned of his "Don't die until you've read *The Day of the Swallow*" proclamation, I'd used the rhetoric of imminent death in my appeal to Porro for an interview. I'd tried to explain in a letter to him how much his work mattered to me by telling him that if I had to choose any one section of any one novel to be read aloud to me on my deathbed in the hours before ex-

his only Oscar. Now, get over it and let me get back to *Dr. Ben Sykes*. He's the greatest in a great gallery of Romanoff suffers, berliand and garmakian.com artists, deliberately pined filmstars, delusional mountebanks, dandified lawyers, defrocked doctors, disgraced inventors, dispossessed cranks, and disengaged dreamers who travel out of the cracks and crevices of *Trailways America* with confident claims that they

Sykes is focused on what might be fake sightings of Dix and what seems to be a proliferation of Dix impostors. He knows of only one man who claims to have seen Dix "in the flesh"—in the public library in Odessa, Texas, reading a newspaper on a rack.

Now the question is, was this stranger really Dio? If it was Dio, answer me this: "Where are all the keys?" (The keys to his trunk of ultimate secrets, of

flowers to the blossoms to the CIA, are the products of collective self-delusion.) In *Gringa*, a beautiful, intricate, counterpointed novel, it's the search for the inaccessible Lost City of Quetzal somewhere in the Mayan rain forests that drives, like a magnet, all the lonely and dispossessed, the mad scientists and con artists of the States, to seek out what is missing from their lives by going below the border to search for the

ally mean, that Form's last three books are out of print and are in paperback—almost as inaccessible as the lost works of John Selmer Dix. Some smart publisher will earn an honored place in literary history and the hearts of his countrymen by bringing out a complete and accessible edition some—now.

Meanwhile, I can't stop thinking about Dr. Spence and Dix. What a wealth all these Dix treasures, these

Rereading Portis is one of the great pure pleasures available in modern American literature. So it is a crime and a scandal, it's virtually clinically insane, that his last three books are out of print.

captures the secret soul of twentieth-century America with the clergy, the rich, and the laughter with which Gogol captured the soul of nineteenth-century Russia in *Dead Souls*.

Tony White once spoke about the soap-city-born creative-writing types going directly from East Coast bohemia venues to places like Iowa City, where "they rent a house out in the countryside, and after about their fifth conversation with a ghoulster named Ted they find that they know the word *poche*."

Chavez Ponce is the real thing to watch these grad-school simulators can only aspire in their wildest dreams. He is a wild dreamer of a writer, and I don't want you misled by the references to Mark Twain into thinking he is some kind of republican or bourgeois. No, Epifanio, one of the founding members of the Puma Society (as I've come to think of his circle of dissonant), outpaces him in scope, apocalypticism, and originality to Gabriel Garcia Marquez. "He thinks things no one else thinks," she says.

For some members of the Parris Society, an appreciation of his work is a matter of life-and-death urgency. Roy Blount Jr. has written of Parris's third novel, *The Dog of the South*: "No one should be without having read it." And that's not even his favorite (although it is mine). He's partial to *Neonard* and speaks of those few whom Parris is a kind of life-and-death tie to human beings. How a fellow Parris Society member couldn't decide whether to marry the woman he loved until she read *Neonard*.

to reveal one of the pleasures that reading had brought me during my lifetime, it would probably be certain passages in *The Dog of the South* involving one of Farrer's innumerable, scoldy—but graceful—con men, Dr Ben Sorensen.

I'll try to explain why those passages in particular fascinate me, but first I need to discuss the situation one to the Pans Society, the barrier you literary sophisticates must be able to get past (at limbo beneath) if you are to show yourselves worthy of Pans's genius. A kind of test of true—as opposed to surface, image-conscious—literary sophistication.

The last two novel Parts were before The Day of the South, *Monks of Silence*, and *Drugs* had great dreams of success; knowledge industry. A novel that was hesitant to use the word, it's so deeply draining at literary terms—too popular for its own good. A novel whose title I almost don't later to the uninitiated, because it may completely throw you off the scent of Port's greatness. (Not because there's anything wrong with it in itself but because of its image.) A novel whose title I'm therefore going to disguise and not utter for the record. Or maybe I'll give it a more inoffensive (at least in this context), substitute title, say: *Nicholas Whose of Genshew*.

Well, admit it, you'd probably be more receptive to my case for Fortinbras' greatness if he'd written some Burroughsian rhapsodical novel rather than the all-too-familiar popular novel he did write, whose title is, I blush to say, *True Ost*. Yes he's that gap, and they made a movie out of it that won John Wayne

have the philosopher's stone, the key to all mysteries. Or, more often, that they had it and lost it, or had it stolen from them but are close to getting it back.

This Dr Sykes is quite a character himself. No longer a doctor—he lost his medical license over some trouble with a miracle arthritis cure he was peddling (called the "Brewster Method")—(You don't have much about it anymore but for any more info it's more about "discovery," 89 pages) he has been involved in a scheme to make alliance tangerines into diamonds in Tijuana (he's "Ti Tyme" now), he calls it, and he seems to be on the run from some scam involving "a directory called *Shandorfer Men* which was to be a collection of photographs and capsule biographies of all the country's important men in Tijuana. Somehow, the money collected from a series of sales of the directory was stolen by a local dealer. It was a surprise enough deal

But when he runs across Pore's narrative, Jay Mills, an *Advocate* guy who's retracing the steps of his runaway boy by using credit-card receipts, all Dr. Symes can talk about is the mysterious slave John Seale Day, a writer of reputation books for salacious Symes is obsessed with Day's greatness, with the idea that in his last days Day had somehow broken through to some new level of ultimate revelation that tragically was lost to the world with his death when the trunk in which he carried his papers disappeared.

"Find the missing truck and you've found the key to his so-called 'lost years,'" Sorensen tells Ray Meade.

coarse") There are plenty of folks going around. You've probably heard of the fellow out in Barrow who claimed to this day that he is Hitler. He says the man who died in Tulsa was just some old retired fella from the oil fields who was trading off a nuclear name. He makes a lot of the closed coffin and the heavy funeral in Anchorage. He refuses a lot of the missing trouble. There's another fellow, in Florida, who claims he is Doc's half brother. They ran a picture of him and his little Dixie mascot in Tulsa Times."

Dr. Aronson's deliberate refusal to catch a patch of anginal angina (angry word) on a elevator of Oliver Stone's *Paradise* (the busy funeral in Arlington) is a perfect disposition that, makes you aware that it's not the reality of Doc that dis-illuminates him but the idea of Doc of someone somewhere who had it All Tipped Out but who disappeared in a Red-wash haze. What Aronson is getting at is the deep longing, the profound, painful desperation in the American collective unconscious, to believe that somehow things do make some kind of sense, that life is not all chaotic horror and random acts of cruelty by fate, that there is an Answer, even if it's locked in a vault somewhere and we've lost the key.

The search for the lost keys is at the heart of Parnis's subsequent two novels as well. In *Masters of Atlantis*, a secret society founded by a con artist and his glibble dupe comes to be a source of genuine mystery and faith for half a century of devotees (with the suggestion that all secret societies pretending to esoteric knowledge, from Skull and

undecipherable truths encoded in the
Mayan hieroglyphics

Bernadine Fortis is one of the great pure pleasures—both visceral and cerebral—available in modern American literature. Except it's really not available to those who aren't Fortis Society members (who have squandered away multiple copies of *Masters of Atlantis* on locked trunks to ensure a *Kluge* supply). It is a crime and a scandal, it's virtually chas-

shadowy half-brothers with their hulk Doc moustaches in *Under the Sun*? Are they real or figures of Symon's Dia delirium? Is the proclamation of Doss a way of expressing the notion that we're all, in some way, Dosses, hunkering around kicked trunks containing the inaccessible, unattainable answers we hide from one another? Perhaps Partis could sell, but Porter isn't asking, at least not to me. ■

How can you find exactly what you're looking for in a Caribbean vacation?



We'll show you

Any vacation requires a lot of planning. That's where we come in. The Caribbean Vacation Planner. Over 200 pages of information on everything you need to know about the Caribbean. From hotels to beaches to restaurants to whatever interests you most. Call for your free copy today. 1-800-355-9999, ext. 616 or www.caribbean.com

The Caribbean. Where to go

america

The Last Resort

By Scott Raab

It's the end of the road—Laughlin, Nevada, the place where all our dreams go to die



IT'SN'T NEAR TO REST, not here, at a rented Mercury Sable circling endlessly, helplessly upon a freezing mesa above the Colorado River in Laughlin, Nevada—not a town, not really a place at all, just a flyspeck on the map ninety miles south of Las Vegas, two miles of beleaguered lanes lined by ten casinos rising from the parched Mojave that below a spiked ridge of mountains and a white darkly hued sun.

I had set out at noon on a joy degree day to converse with a ghost, the Last Casino. In 1946, back when

Laughlin had a future, when Laughlin was the future, the Flamingo River Resort was going to be a six-thousand-room, hotel-and-casino complex surrounded by a golf course and a condo village. It ran dry in 1961, with the golf course complex and an abandoned shell ten stories still showing in the nameless sky—the rotting husk of yesterday's promise.

I followed what looked to be a construction road, slowly, wading up words, seeing the car over rain fall years ago in the packed sand, barely touching the gas pedal. Ten minutes, fifteen,

a half hour, and yet the metal frame stood the same distance away, although my angle of vision had changed. I drove a narrow pass marked on both sides by chains of thick steel cables gone to rust and buckled the Sable up and over a rise where I thought the road went on, but it stopped there, upon a table of sand. I poked as far ahead as I could toward the Flamingo City frame, looking for a way to reach it, and then turned around and saw nothing.

"There'll be

ing, but a tasteless, headless sea of sand, and, feeling a chill bead of sweat trickle down my scalp, I drove a little back toward the rise—and could see nothing.

Using the railroad gates as a distant reference point, I worked the car to and fro, seeking the way out, reversing each time I touched a drop-off, over and over again, my engine clanking and the A/C on max, my foot feathering the gas and my eyes fell on the fuel-gauge needle moving into the red, and I stopped. I

thirteen years, Russell had been the anxious chief prosecutor of Somerset County, New Jersey, one of those peculiarly American pillars of moralism whose public duty is concerned to make their own moral standards.

The special gift was for the fine art of drug law enforcement, an ingenious prosecutor that allowed local law-enforcement officials to seize the property of an apartment with no requirement that they prove actual guilt. Nick's guys would use and plant the drugs themselves, and—buckle up—buckle down—just like that, your home, your car, your land, your guns all Nick's. When the federalists handed down indictments—no one in Jersey had the stones to go after him—Nick refused to plead. The jury found him guilty on thirty counts, including perjury, mail fraud, tax evasion, obstruction of justice, abuse of office, and conspiracy.

Two days before his sentencing, Nick snatched his electronic bracelet, fired up his Grand Cherokee, and sped west as it turned out, Laughlin. His depravity may be measured by the fact that his seventy-six-year-old mother had put up her home to help him make bail, and he skipped anyway. Nick to the breeze.

Let on the kitchen counter, Nick left a letter for his attorney, sort of a suicide note, which absolutely nobody believed—the court-appointed shrink had, after all, assured the judge that Nick's among religious beliefs would guarantee any urge to flee or harm himself—until eight days later, when, after tracing a call Nick had made on his cell phone, the federal marshals knocked on the door of room 316 at

the Colorado Belle (he had registered under his own name), and Nick found grace enough to stick the barrel of an unregistered gun into his mouth and put out the light.

In all the folklore involving Russell's demise—The New York Times sent reporters to Laughlin, one for the fact, one to plumb the deeper meaning of his sluggish life and sorry death—two details leaped out at me. First, a local law-enforcement officer was quoted as saying, "We've around gone a few fugitives. I don't know why they feel they can hide here." And, second, room 316 at the Colorado Belle had cost Nick Russell a mere sixteen dollars per night.

I got the very room for fifteen dollars midweek, although it seemed an eye-popping sixty-five dollars on Friday and Saturday nights. A clean and decent room for a place turned up to resemble a full-fledged Mississippi riverboat, two big beds with cherry paddle-wheel-shaped fans headboard down in deep red leatherette and knobby bolsters, a nineteen-inch color TV, and a Golden Bibles. I found no trace of Russell's last stand, not even a smudge on the carpeting in the wee space between the air-conditioning unit and the far wall, where Nick had sat as one lawman, trying to talk the gun out of his hand, had spoken of family and friends. But on that first night, long post midnight and far from sleep, I imagined that I heard the room echo like the chamber of a spent heart, and the air conditioner's shuddering seemed to slow to the beat of a dying pulse.

Things felt better in the morning, but not for long. The men's room across the Canyon's Road Free 444 buffet had a shiny metal box behind the wall to collect the used spoons of "our delectable guests." It was nearly full. Leaving the restaurant, I passed a woman who held her plate out in front of her with both tiny hands like a drowning red in the wellfed is yesterday circles. "I can't remember when my table is," she whimpered, her neck swollen with grief.

And I wondered if Nick Russell

coyotes here when all the humans are gone."

had fled to Lake Tahoe, would he be alive today?

I read come not to chase ghosts but to meet Don Laughlin, the town's visionary founder, and name given—in a way, the Bumpy Stage of Laughlin, Nevada.

Don and I were set to meet on my first full day in Laughlin. I'd flown to Vegas, rented the Subie, and headed south on Route 95, two barren lanes leading across the desert flats, marked in and shadowed by endless columns of electrical transformers, the whole horizon surrounded by needle-tipped mountains scraping in the sky. So much heat and dust, so much brown and nothing else, that after a while there were no shadows of a, only a wash of pale earth rising to the black sky, starving, thirsting, aching. Looking down, I saw the Subie was up over anxiety. An hour out of Las Vegas, I hit Searchlight, Nevada—just a Chinese casino and a gas station by the road—then Cal Nev-Arr—a sign and a clump of trailers—and, in ten minutes of sage-mad landscape here, Route 95, east to Laughlin.

A series of canyons climbed through a cramped pass—Idaho, postcardish, desert suddenly, below and to the north, a vision. East to, right, high-rises flashing, parked and moving, billboards into the valley heat, just behind them, the wide ribbon of the Colorado River. Blue and calm. Across the river, squaring in the foothills of the next mountain range over, was Bullhead City, Arizona, one of the fastest-growing burgs

and built that bridge, fixing its tentacles to that anyone heading into Laughlin must pass his Riverside Casino line. Don lives in the duplex penthouse of his now twenty-story tower, high above the bull's-winking old town. At 10:15 A.M., followed by ELLIOTT KRAMER JUST WON \$25,000 ON QUANTERMANIA, ONE and over and over.

Don himself phoned the Colorado Bell two hours before our scheduled meeting to say that he was about to lift off from his helicopter landing pad atop the Riverside.

"I've got about six, fifteen minutes if you want to run over," he said, his voice half a yelp, loud and merry.

I asked when he'd be back. "I've got business," he barked back. "Two, maybe three days. Just how much of my time do you need?"

All I can get
"Then you'll have to catch me at the hotel when I'm there."

Whereabouts?
"All over the place. I make the rounds every night."

What time?
"All night. Now I've got to go."

DONNIE THE MAN comes from the Capitan's Food Place, 4545 Inland in Mark Twain's old apt, all you can eat chicken and ribs. Across the way is the gift shop. I walked in to buy a paper and use the Sunday New Year Times. Four dollars. Brought it to the cash register, where a cheerful happy but white hair

side phone bustled full of racist—racist—their twisted, arched fingers flicky from pinching the coins. Just help old men who once had laughs and won world wars and now are nodding weakly in the blacked-out while the clear tubes running from the tanks on rollers at their feet had opened into their nostrils, just hard-wired, hard-wired. Fifty something waitresses packed like locusts into too-tight, too-hot shirts, the weary flash of their thighs bulging through the diamonds of their silencers, just an America whose muscular, God-fearing, trailblazing, nose-to-the-grindstone can do open had been reduced to a single question: Why die in the bosom of home and family when you can kill over in a cause?

DON LAUGHLIN is a thin sixty-seven-year-old with a coiffed nebula of silver hair above a pink face accented smooth and tight as parchment. He was once a boy up in Owatonna, Minnesota, whose entrepreneurship began with tapping milk and markets. (His arc-circled snowbirds share a display case with Steve McGowan's Indian motorcycle at the Laughlin Classic Car Exhibition Hall.) He sold the pigs to buy mail-order slot machines, which he then placed in bars and restaurants. Don was clearing a way to work when his high school principal demanded that he desert. Don quit school unsaid and devoted himself full-time to expanding folk from their money.

He moved to Vegas and worked his way up, then opened his own joint

in droves, especially those who couldn't afford or seem too frightened to consummate a foray into the Gomorrah that was Las Vegas.

The first time I spotted him in the flesh, it was nearly 3 on A.M., and Don was taking a lesson in the second-floor dance studio. I watched while from the doorway until Don walked in my direction, slight and short and tart in a powder blue western-style suit. The skin of his face was scrubbed to a gleam, and he looked very angry. Don drew high, but the object of his scorn was behind me, where two men in maintenance uniforms were talking loaded garbage bins down the curved hallway. A cart on one of the bins was squealing, and this had roused Don's focus.

"I wish those idiots would cut that thing," he said, and then he walked away.
"I guess I'll just carry it the rest of the way," said the idiot with the bad wheel, not looking up.

LAUGHLIN IS THE QUINQUAGESIMAL company town. The casinos work as

of town. At Nido's Restaurant in Bullhead City—Nido's bit of Italy—I ordered the Steak Sticks and call owner Phil Tabalita over to the table. Phil was quizzical as a Riverside Casino check-cashing house where a few years back



THE POOR MAN'S casino king, in his Laughlin Classic Car Exhibition hall.

He and Don came out of a cloud, and he ran nothing to my about. Don Laughlin beyond calling him a friend. "I wish you snubbed up," he says, laughing. "Then maybe I could find some days to come by here and fix these friggin' casinos."

Detective Tom Ball of the Las Vegas Metropolitan Police Department (Laughlin has no force of his own) works out of a suburban in a one-story white stucco, adobe-style man-

aged here. "Between '86 and '90, it really big boomed. Spilled over to Bullhead City—they started their a lot of housing. Stock homes."

Stock houses?

"Regular built houses. Wood frame." I was curious if, with the growth and all, there was any evidence of mob activity.

"There was and I'm not sure that it's not here. I think probably because Laughlin grew so fast that we did get some of those people with the money. I would like to say we ran 'em out but it's not possible. But it's not going in the open, any way, so it was."

Ball was right: he found the U.S. marshals when they cornered Bugsy Siegel from junior love getting caught in Laughlin, he said. He said: Nick, that past few years have seen the arrest of a pair of bank robbers, a serial rapist, an international drug-trafficking suspect, and a killer on route to Mexico.

"I think they figure that there's no money people here that they can't get lost in the crowd any day," Ball said. "In me—I was in New York City once, and I'll was gonna get lost, that's the place you go to get lost."

Laughlin runs on the motto I saw on a dozen bumper stickers: "Spending the inheritance."

in the state, home to the vast majority of Laughlin's casino workers, the sort of place where each block has its own personality and most of the citizens appear to be enrolled in the federal witness protection program.

There right at the spotlight and you're on Casino Drive in Laughlin, go straight and you're on the only bridge across the river to Bullhead City. In 1948, after the nation pelted in Arizona with Nevada spent three years sheltering over where to place it, Don Laughlin poured up \$55 million of his own

tinged with purple—a prophet by local standards—joined closely at my purchase.

"You're buying that?" she said with a note of awe.

"I'm buying that. Yes, I am."

"We never sold one of these four dollars' My, my."

After breakfast, I wandered the casino floor, past guards with their waisted faces pressed to the screens of the video-poker machines, trying to read the signs, past shrunken children of the Depression propped be-

in North Las Vegas. And there he might have remained, a little man with the coin to home in on the Vegas boom, if he hadn't aped the future from the wreckage of a jump plane, a nameless strip of sootied steel along the Colorado River, upon which sat a crane lifting eight-ton metal and bare ship. There it was right when the needle of Nevada's southernmost port jets as one down between Arizona and California. Don Laughlin could see, back in 1948, that if he built at the western of those desolate states would come

moment, hard-famed, suffer, the herd grows as brown-skinned and speak to him, at least not to strangers. The Chamber of Commerce is housed in a ranch trailer. The hostess in Fort Mojave who shows my skull has a husband who worked for Don Laughlin's casino, but he was twice in the photo. The fellow who was Don Laughlin's longtime second-in-command at the Riverside still lives in Nogales, Arizona, but on the phone he asks how it was he's just this minute on his way out

past building that looks as if it had been put up yesterday and might be gone tomorrow.

Detective Ball, a rangy, red-faced, plainspoken fellow with an iron-gray mustache, grinned when I asked about the big red car clearing burned out from "As long as you got it out on your job, when everybody can see it, no problem. We put every car in every when they come in. So that there's no misdeeds."

Ball's tour of duty in Laughlin began in 1974, when some odd people

ONE NIGHT, I RAN INTO Roy Jennings, Don's entertainment director, a bearded and portly sixty-three-year-old. Roy keeps a framed photo of Sam Kinison on a shelf behind his desk, with a small IN MEMORIAM plaque screwed into it. Roy had booked Kinison for a three-show weekend at the Riverside, but the fat, loudmouthed, cocked-over actor made it. He was in bed outside Needles, a half hour away when two doctors in a pickup truck met him head-on.

I asked Roy of Laughlin, Nevada,

was caught in the grip of some horrific plague. He shrugged. "The bigger problem, the worst thing about gambling—it's like a whore town. It's a terrible place to raise a family. It's a terrible place to be married. It's a terrible place for a kid to grow up. There's no future."

It's only later, swimming bullets in the Sable and trapped in the shadow of the Lost Cause, that it makes Ray had spooked the secret of Laughlin, Nevada's no future. In a country where stars have become numbers running for an underdog quested up at luxury machines, in a desert town where the spare-time covers on the backs of its boats of "Spending the inheritance," the ultimate service economy devours itself, leaving . . . nothing. No product, only prey.

Of course, there's always the rumor of some future, some harbinger of hope that lightning will strike. Doesy they are, looking at the Emerald River property. Never mind that the newer

great things. Upstream—just like heaven. If you're sure you're gonna go to heaven, then to hell with it—you don't need it. We have no quarrel with religion. Anyway, you got me off the track. We paid to get lights out of L.A."

Don has all the mythological bases covered. The Riverside lets space to several local congregations. The Catholics graze in Don's Celebrity Theatre, the Lutherans pray in the Mirror Room, and the Jews dance wherever they can. The Riverside also houses the bar, depot, a post office, and the town's only movie house. Don also owns the local bank, the ranch-rd space RV park across the street, a day-one-theo-said-own truck, when he used to trust the beef served at his restaurants, and many more thousands of acres of land around Bullhead City, much of it strung in the Laughlin/Bullhead International Airport, which consists of one consistent leading strip and a no-need terminal. Don used to own the airport and run it, too. And if he can somehow

the coyotes across Casino Drive, in the RV park. "We tell people when they check in, 'Don't leave your dog or cat outside, 'cause the coyotes'll get 'em'." He wets his chin, pink lips. "Every night you go out and drive around the RV park, you'll see a team of coyotes out, looking to see who didn't leave. Oh, they sneak 'em all the time. I've watched 'em go down the road with 'em in their mouth. A coyote is smarter than a human. There'll be coyotes here when the humans are gone."

This is justice. All men die and are carried off, and so, mostly, are these dreams. Ask Nick Bressi. Ask the hairy gators scooped and wheezing at the stars.

It was one last way back to Vegas to catch my flight out that I went searching for the Lost Cause. "The score crowd," Don Laughlin had called it. "Keep other people away." Which is how Don Laughlin wants it—his town at the end of the road, the

Frankie Valli performed outside the Flamingo. From across the river, the dogs of Bullhead City answered.

casino darkens an entire hotel tower during the summer months, when the occupancy index plummets and rooms go for under ten dollars a night, that gambling revenues have fallen for four years straight, that the smother of the community calendar is late April, when fifty thousand Harley Davidson riders descend for a weekend to show their bikes, oil, and leathers, and they at the women to show their tits. Bressi and Goffey are on their way to Laughlin, Nevada, the on it.

Don Laughlin believes in the future. "If you find me dead," he says, "ring one of those and shaking his skinny waist out from his slave pops a small metal bracelet identifying him as a mercurial visionary to applied by the side of his humiliated, trundling blithely on without him that he has passed on in advance to be ergonomically pressed upon his demise, moral and recharged." We drive that road, our eyes well content to improve in the future, and someday they'll be able to do

swing regular flights full of gamblers coming from Las Vegas, the value of his airport land will skyrocket.

Don needs their flight, for now he faces a prolonged and essentially unworkable war on two fronts. Now, government-subsidized American Indian casinos are sending his customers, and the town's small, old, and crumbling, is stuck with a lower roller, lower-spots image, one which by Las Vegas's multi-billion-dollar push to become the "Waters of America's" family-fun mecca.

"When I came down here," he says, "I didn't own a cent. Now I own \$40 million. The government says, 'Don't discriminate.' But if you're an Indian, no holds-barred, you've got a casino and don't pay no taxes. It's a very unjust situation."

Don Laughlin dreamed an empire in the desert—in, at his—but he may not need to wait for his showing to sink back into dirt.

He chuckles now, thinking about

place of last resort, all to himself.

And with the gas gauge on empty and the best pressing in, I was just about to start dreading my last walk and testament into my tape recorder when I saw a white pickup crawl over a ridge below, moving my way. About ten minutes or so, it crossed the hump where I was parked and pulled up next to me.

We looked at each other for a moment, driver's window to driver's window. He was a craned, good-looking fellow in his early thirties. When I hit my window buttons, the outside air felt like a cutting torch.

"Someone saw you from the golf course," he said. "What're you doing up here?"

"Dying. How the hell do I get down?"

He led me back to the golf course parking lot. I passed up on Casino Drive, and left town immediately, keeping at it fifty-five all the way to the Vegas airport. ■

THE BEST JAZZ! HOT, BLUE, SMOOTH, AND COOL



Cassandra Wilson: Blue Light 'Til Dawn

Included on: You Don't Know What Love Is, Come On In My Kitchen, Sentinels, Redbones, Tapscott, Blue Crow, and 5 more. "This music is important to me, it's a part of my life." —Cassandra Wilson

CD: \$18.99

Now you may claim any one of the 33 introductory recordings shown here for only \$1! It's your risk-free introduction to Jazz Heritage... with no strings attached, and absolutely no obligation to ever buy anything more!

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW JAZZ HERITAGE CD COLLECTION. Includes 33 introductory recordings for only \$1 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each. Includes 33 full-length recordings for only \$18.99 each.

THE NEW J

Broadcast Bruise

By Joe Bargmann

Perfectly pompous anchor Craig Kilborn and a whipcrack team of writers make *The Daily Show* TV's funniest program. They will one day win an Emmy—if they don't kill one another first.

CRAG KILBORN was feeling loose. Never mind that the interview he was heading into could finish by spring the ESPN anchor from the ghetto of sports announcing. Never mind that he had been invited to the meeting by Doug Herzog, the president and CEO of Comedy Central, the man who could make Kilborn the host of *The Daily Show*.

On this spring day in 1993, Kilborn was loose, and for two reasons he knew that Herzog, an ESPN addict, thought his goofy, ironic style was perfect for *The Daily Show*: the broad-camera news parody that Herzog wanted to make the flagship of his network. And finally, Kilborn had bigger things on his mind. He was thinking roses, a sitcom, perhaps. In fact, he had just come from an audition for the latter.

Introductions. Kilborn turned to Herzog. "Hey, Doug Herzog—MTV. You must have worked with Downtown John Brown."

"Bols," Herzog said. "Lost the brown sugar."

"I thought," Herzog recalls, "that Lou was going to leap over the desk and rip Craig's heart out."

There was the beginning of an often tense and sometimes nasty dynamic that pits the thirty-year-old Winstead, a heavy neorealist Rose Marie, against the thirty-four-year-old Kilborn, whose odd mix of arrogance and good-natured chutzpah brings to mind a young *Red Skelton*. Despite—or perhaps because of—the fireworks, it's an arrangement that has given rise to one of television's hottest programs. *The Daily Show*'s

Working, ironically enough, out of the former offices of the *Michael Landon* studio in New York, Winstead and a team of eight writers—some former newsmen but mostly ex-stand-up-comics—tapest material from wire and snailfile feeds as well as every news program they can lay eyes on and pump up into satirical, ironic pieces that parody the form and content of "legitimate" news shows. It's an equal opportunity training. Any one and everyone who shows up on the network's lip-synching radar is

here a new one. A guest on Michael Jackson describes him as an "alleged Homo sapien." Olympic Dream Team members are "young, amateur athletes." Boris Yeltsin is "filled with enough angering to end problem since the world over." A hit about Bill Cosby after he refused to take a blood test to determine whether he had fathered a child out of wedlock: "A lawyer close to the great and powerful Cos says the blood has already been drawn—and will be used as soon as it thaws." And reporting, late June, on an incident in which a group of suburban teens prying in Jerusalem were pelted with plastic bags filled with lemons: "Most of the excitement did not

would never, ever say," notes one writer. "We kind of got a kick out of it, like, 'Look, look what the first boy is saying.' Sound/bvision—they don't much!" Like, for example, an item referring to New York City's recently charged police brutality incident, in which cops allegedly sodomized Abner Louima with a toilet plunger handle in a precinct bathroom. *The Daily Show* featured actual footage of a black woman ob-

jecting angrily at a public hearing. Kilborn's voice-over: "After the hearing, the woman was taken to a restroom, where four police officers showed Abner Louima up her butt." Kilborn rushed the off-color line, unamused. "He's a plastic guy," says a writer, "shooting cop-lip filler bullets."

I MEET KILBORN in his office in late September. The light is low, and there are mirrors everywhere. After we shake hands, he turns to face one and fiddles with his hair. He sits on his sport coat, says he wants to head back to his place to change before we go out to dinner. "You won't be uncomfortable watching me shower, will you?"

His thirty-sixth-floor apartment offers a man-view down Broadway, but it's really just a bachelor pad with a few expen-

sive pieces of furniture. Huge TV, his reader for his capricious, liquor cabinet well stocked with Scotch. He offers me a drink. "I'll Oben okay with you?" he asks, adding, "I like Lar govin' apud!" He disappears into the kitchen, where he cranks a glass, then comes back into the living room

and holds it up to a fire to dry. "I discovered Scotch three months ago," he says and begins to pour. "Till me when to stop." After a half-hour priming, he returns wearing a dark pair of slacks and a stand, plaid shirt ("Turberry"), he informs me, and announces he has to make a phone call. It seems he has been fired up with a woman he saw at his gym. Like a newly married

message she left me." He presses a button on the phone and a sweet voice flows out of the speaker. "Whaddya think?" Kilborn asks. "Now the sweetest guys in the branch—not too highly intelligent sounding. Ah, well. Maybe I'll call her later."

KILBORN'S SHOWERING lead with Winstead (Herzog calls the two "a very



"It's our flagship, our SportsCenter," says one network exec. It's also a lot like pro wrestling.

So the former basketball star—six foot four and handsome in a blind, blue-eyed, Gerg Rannerish way—swaggared in. He shook the hand of Herzog, who at MTV had produced such hits as *Unplugged* and *The Real World*, and met the others in attendance. *Daily Show* creators Made-

ness has helped Comedy Central turn a profit for the first time in the network's history. Kilborn has garnered a *CableACE* Award nomination for his role, and no less a comic authority than Jerry Seinfeld has praised Winstead for creating "the best-written show on TV."

for its target—because there hasn't been a place for who could throw some *Sandy Berke*.

On air, Kilborn possesses a pretty boy demeanor that contrasts perfectly with the wickedly ironic material he delivers. "There's stuff that comes out of Craig's mouth that he

me piece of furniture. Huge TV, his reader for his capricious, liquor cabinet well stocked with Scotch. He offers me a drink. "I'll Oben okay with you?" he asks, adding, "I like Lar govin' apud!" He disappears into the kitchen, where he cranks a glass, then comes back into the living room

and shows off his wedding photo, he proudly hands me a credit card denoting several previous shows of a lovely woman from various publications and her last five elevations. "Boris, ch! She looks even darker in a person. Let me play you the

escoring yet sometimes volatile mix (and insist each of the softening has now subsided) revealed the boiling point last summer, when Kilborn grew so uncomfortable with the Louima (see question) that he took his grapes weight to the boss. The last called for Winstead's head. [continued on page 111]

YAKA DADA DAD!
After four years out
of the picture,
Paul Giamatti gets
some great pictures
of his kids.

WARRIOR
Haven't a Gabe member
just do it. Yes it
something they do!

WARRIOR
A class of 100
students
taught
to be a
warrior.

THE GUT
Same old
Timothy Leary!

**THE BUILDING IS
COMING**
Just give us a sec to put
out this fire.

CALLING ALL GUYZ!
The greatest
man in the
world.

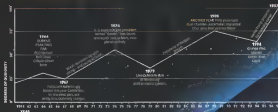
THE BOY IS BACK IN TOWN
At 100, goes on his
crazy journey.

**YOU CAN
CALL ME PHOENIX**
At 100, goes on his
crazy journey.

**THAT'S
CORRECT!**
At 100, goes on his
crazy journey.

Dubious Achievement Awards of 1997

Oh, sure, the year 1997, the year of the last two months, in terms of Dubiousity, would constitute an "off" year. There are those who would say that this year there was nothing to sink your teeth into, nothing to gnaw on, nothing to digest—that this year, in fact, bit, to those people, we say this "that couldn't be farther from the truth!" In fact, this year, 1997, from the deepest potholes of the belly to the darkest reaches of space, witnessed less than the most dubious year on record. It's true! Yes, we've claimed as much before. We said so in 1992. You said so in 1988. But with 1997, we truly anticipate bit as all-time high. And we have proof. To wit:



**FLOUNDERING, FLEED, REMAINED
REPUBLICAN OF THE YEAR**
Paul Thompson



**RUNNER-UP
Bill Clinton**



REDWATER: FROG OF THE YEAR
Helen Paul



**SUCCUMB: SEX SYMBOL
Carmen Electra**



**OVERHEATED PIANIST
OF THE YEAR**
David Helfgott



**RUNNER-UP
Mark Wahlberg**



**SUM-TOTALING COMEDY
SUMMERS OF THE YEAR**
Benny Sander



CURT OF THE YEAR
Pamela Anderson



**CURT OF THE YEAR
Mormons**



**LYING, CORRUPTING, LAME SELF-DECEITING:
JOKE-TELLING EVER MORE CHIN-ACQUAINTING, LAME
GENERALLY BLUNDERINGLY BAD MAN OF THE YEAR**
J. Galt



**MONEY, YOU'VE BEEN
CARRYING THE CROSSES
FROM ONE KING OF THIEVING
TO THE OTHER FOR TOO
LONG IN THIS FAMILY**

Argyle Taylor, a 16-year-old British woman fed up with freemasons, caused a crowd from one end of Britain to the other to spread the word that wives should be more substantive.

**PUT ANOTHER LARS
ON THE FIRE**

Sweden began using the energy produced by cremating dead people to heat homes.

EL NIÑO STRIKES AGAIN
A twenty-eight-year-old Oregon high school secretary was given thirty days in jail for having sex with four seventeen-

year-old boys. "I wish I could understand how it happened," she said, "but the truth is I don't know."

**WHY THE BIG DEAL? IT'S JUST
SOMETHING I GET DONE
EVERY HUNDRED YEARS**
There was speculation in Washington that Bob Dole had had a heart-

inspiring, a high-profile politician who still has the curiosity of a child. Congressman Sheila Jackson Lee of Texas, on a visit to the Mann-Whitaker museum, was asked whether Publisher had managed to take any pictures of the American flag planted by Neil Armstrong in 1969.

KEEP GOING
According to former presidential adviser Dick Morris's memoirs, behind the Oval Office, Morris told Bill Clinton that he would never rank in the "first two" of presidents. "They" said Clinton "Second tier?"

WIDOWING IT, FOR EXAMPLE
Shortly before the inauguration of his second term, Bill Clinton quipped, "Great presidents get a lot of other people to do great things."

IN AN UNLIMITED DEVELOP-
MENT PRESIDENT CLINTON
SAID HE COULDN'T RECALL
MEETING PAULA JONES.
A British newspaper reported that "massive global anarchy," a temporary condition, was caused by a flow of blood that steadily goes to the brain going instead to the genitals.



JUST GIVE ME THE LA TOY
Arnold Camillo Purness, Menzies's most powerful drug boss, died after eight hours of plastic surgery. His body was found with the tip of his nose removed, his eyelids bruised and swollen, his chest open and seared back together, and his skin withdrawn because several liters of fat had been sucked out.

**CLINTON MOVES TO
THE RIGHT AGAIN**
Paula Jones's lawyers claimed that Bill Clinton has a curved penis.



**WHY NOT JUST MAKE
HER SWIMMER?**
Mistral introduced Shere a Barbie Becka, a Barbie doll confined to a bright pink and purple wheelchair. When it was reported that Shere a Barbie Becka's wheelchair could not fit through the front door of the Barbra Streisand House, Mistral spokeswoman Lisa McKeen said, "We are looking at the accessibility of all Barbie accessories."

AND OBSCURITY!
Michigan awarded its new women's slogan "Great Lakes Great Times."

**PLEASE BE
ADVISED THAT
THE FOLLOWING
POLICE DRAMA
CONTAINS SCENES OF
GRAPHIC VIOLENCE
INCLUDING FLYING PIECES**
A Canadian, California, high school teacher claimed that four students dined her with water balloons containing human excrement.

**WAKE THE
POLICE DRAMA**
A police investigation revealed that the teacher had not been the victim of a cruel prank but rather had had a "personal accident." A police spokesman said, "The crime lab says all the fibers are on the inside of her clothes."

**GRAY BARBARA
WALKERS SPECIAL**
The teacher showed walk up the story though she admitted that perhaps she had been wrong in saying the human waste had struck her in the face. "Something was dripping off my face," she said. "Whether it was my tears or feces, I don't know."

**THAT WOULD BE
ANNE HECHT**
Announcing her sexual orientation, Ellen DeGeneres said, "I watched my friend Melba [Bibb] come out, and she became the lesbian rock star." I never wanted to be the lesbian server."



**THE WIFE DOESN'T LIKE TO
TALK DURING PUTS-PUTS**
Bill Gates revealed that he takes a weekend away from his wife each year, which he spends at a beach cottage with an on-call friend. According to Gates, they bring globe and "putt putt while discussing biotechnology."

PERSONAL GROOMING COUP OF THE YEAR



"Ever since I shaved my mustache and let my hair go gray, there's been a lot of..." —Actor James Brubaker, explaining the process that led to his anguished look to Barbara Streisand.

**EVERY BLACK MONDAY
HAS A SILVER LINING**
On October 25, Bill Gates lost just his hair.

**JUST WHEN WE WERE READY
TO VOTE FOR HIM**
Pat Probert died.

WRONG ONE AGAIN
Miguel Cabrer died.

THOSE PAPARAZZI ARE MURDERERS! MURDERERS, I TELL YOU—OH, NO!



"I still we need love for what's happened! Killing an individual!" —FRED CLAUER



"I think that love do have to be made for this kind of thing that's happened with the paparazzi!" —JOHN TRAVOLTA



"The paparazzi has to play his role. I become prey and they become prey too. It's a game thing!" —JOHN BRECKINRIDGE



"I've thought about the paparazzi, yes, I could be it. But you cannot take people and love. You can't take people and love." —MICHAEL DOUGLAS

IN FLORIDA, THEY GET TO SNACK LIKE CHIMANYS

Having learned nothing in all its prisons, the state of California refused to allow The man Thompson to travel again in the days leading up to his scheduled execution. He was offered massive patches around.



IN THE OLD DAYS, HE WOULD HAVE BLAU GITTERED TEN THOUSAND BY LUNCH, AND NOW HE JUST SITS THERE, KILLING TIME.

In an interview from the bar where he's been confined, former California Governor Phil Brown complained that he was "bored."

AH, HONEY

Jerry Garcia's widow Deborah Kneale Garcia said, "Jerry died broke. We only have a few hundred thousand dollars in the bank."

WORST SONG EVERS REWRITTEN FOR A RELIGIOUS CELEBRITY TURNED MOROSE SPECTACLE

"The answer is blowing in the wind, that is the breath and life of the Holy Spirit, the voice that calls and us, Come!"

—FRANK SINATRA, II, at the Jersey hotel, New York City, which featured a performance by Bob Dylan.

SECOND PRIZE

"How many roads must a man walk down before he becomes a road? One! There is only one road for me, and it is Christ, who said, 'I am the way.'"

OF COURSE, AS SPACE STATIONS GO, THAT'S A LONG TIME WITHOUT A FIRE. In February, after eleven years and very thousands artists around the earth, a few broke out aboard Russia's Mir space station, filling the main cabin with smoke and leaving the crew members to wear gas masks.

SIR, NOTED, SIR!

Brenda Howard claimed that Amy Sedaris' Major Grace McElroy propositioned and sexually assaulted her in a hotel room in Florence and reportedly asked her to "look at his groin and note his excitement."

SUICIDE HEADLINE ADVISORY Oprah Winfrey agreed to continue hosting her show for three more years.

PELING THE VOICE

The day after divorcing Chelsea Clinton to Stanford University President Clinton went to first political fundamentals that sound a lot of oxygen.

PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, STOP THINKING ABOUT TONGUEKISS

Flattered Mac returned and turned.

YET ANOTHER SHAMELESS ATTEMPT TO CASH IN ON EARLY-NINETIES NOSTALGIA

James Addelman's musical and turned.

GRILLADO? YOU KNOW IT'S ME, THE FATHER FUCKER! I'M EATING GRANNY UP NOW! GRANNY!

Kelley Hermans, who is "The Rio" went about having sex with his father, then confessed that the had once dipped her hand in her grandmother's cremated remains and she licked her fingers.

DO YOU WISH TO TELL THE FOUR WORLD TRUTHS, THE WHOLE FOUR NIZBLE TRUTHS, AND NOTHING BUT THE FOUR WORLD TRUTHS?



A LITTLE FIRST NO PROBLEM. WE'LL BE FINE AS LONG AS THE GENERATORS DON'T FAIL, LEAVING US WITH ONLY A TWO-MONTH SUPPLY OF OXYGEN.

In March, the generators failed, leaving the Mir space station, leaving the crew with a two-month supply of oxygen.

MARKS THE DATING

Has anyone of suspects was named by the Los Angeles Police Department.

SOMEWHERE, MICHAEL DOUGLAS IS SPINNING IN HIS CHAIR

For the first time since his may place was shot down in World War II, George Bush passed out of a plane, accompanied by eight army divers, two of whom held on to his helmet. A former officer at the United States Parachute Association said that the jump was "about as dangerous as a merry-go-round."



FUNNY, OUR RECURRING NIGHTMARE IS 300,000 NIGHT BROOKS FANS

SHOWING UP Garth Brooks before his first concert in New York's Central Park, said, "You biggest fan is nobody being there. That's the recurring nightmare."



AND VERDIE, HE WILL APPEAR IN THE HEAVENS, STRAPPED TO TWO ARMY PARADROPS

The First Church of George Herbert Walker Bush preached that George Bush is the second reason of Jesus Christ.

MAYBE IF THEY RETIRED IT THOSE ANNOYING AIDS

According to press reports, a German TV station canceled tonight because the audience couldn't "relax" to it.



JUST DON'T TELL THEM HOW IT TURNS OUT

The German nation replaced Sea Girl with images of Megan Hoxby, which became a tremendous hit.

OUR EVILKING STANDARDS OF BEAUTY

The Blue modeling agency was reportedly using 10,000 a show for fifteen-year-old boys. In France "She has no sewing skill," said father said.

OXYGEN GLITCH: SURE, BUT WE'LL BE FINE AS LONG AS OUR COOLING SYSTEM DOESN'T START LEAKING DANGEROUS ETHYLENE GLYCOL FLUID

In April, Mir's cooling system started leaking dangerous ethylene glycol fluid.

I'M SORRY, COULD YOU SAY THAT AGAIN, ONLY MORE SURELY AND WITH YOUR BUTTY

Responding to critics, Joe Carney said, "I don't care if people think I'm an overactor. People who think that would call me Gogh an overactor."

YES, FISHIES ARE A PROBLEM, BUT WE'LL BE FINE AS LONG AS WE DON'T COLLIDE WITH A SAVIN' YON CANOE SHIP

PUNCTUATING THE RULL OF THE SPEAKER HOUSE AND SMOKING OUT MOST OF ALL OF THE SOLAR PANELS. In June, Mir collided with a seven-ton cargo ship, puncturing the hull of the speaker and shattering out all of the solar panels.

IT'S A LITTLE THING CALLED SYNDROMY

Jelly Archa, a Berkeley California, man who leaves equipment to fight forest fires, was charged with setting a fire that burned twenty-five thousand acres of Los Padres National Forest.



IN A PINCH, WE CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON LAZURION

In July, during an onboard repair, Mir commander Alexander Lazurion accidentally pulled the wrong plug, shutting off all power and leaving the space station into a spin.

THEIR FANFARE'S THE MAIN COMPUTER

In August, the main computer failed.

WE WILL PERSISTENCE JUST GIVE US A FEW MORE WHIPS—

In August, the Russian Mir crew members were replaced and sent home.

AT LEAST WE'LL GET A HERO'S WELCOME AND OUR HOMES—

The Mir commanders did not get a hero's welcome. They did not get their bonuses.

White Man of the Year

Four hints:

FOR EVOKING UNPLEASANT MEMORIES OF JIMMYE GREEK

In a magazine profile, he reflected on black athletes: "What I can't figure out is why so many good-looking, warm-hearted, hardworking and hardworking. It is because, you know, people always say that. 'His black guys have big dicks!'"

FOR RESORTING TO THE MOST OUTMODDED AND DEGRADING STEREOTYPES

Railing the age of his shot together he said, "What's she?" and then said, "I'm black guys have big dicks!"

FOR DECLINING THE OPPORTUNITY TO HONOR A CIVIL RIGHTS PIONEER

President Clinton personally asked him to attend a fifth-anniversary ceremony to Martin Luther King. He declined and went to Canada.

AND FOR HAVING THE AUDACITY TO SUGGEST THAT HIS RACE QUALIFIES HIM TO LEAD

His claims amount and affirm said, "He is the Chinese One." The world is just getting a taste of his power because he is qualified through his ethnicity to accomplish miracles.

Oh yes? You're gonna kick yourself? 1997's White Man of the Year is...

Tiger Woods!



"I'm very honored to be part of this select group, and I always remember for both good and bad... for what I did and what I heard. For the company is now in and it always be in. Thank you very much."

MOVIEWIRE

MAN OF THE YEAR

Commenting on himself and Kate Winslow, *Man of the Year* said, "I am looking 'white,' that's for sure. Kate's definitely not. She's about the furthest thing from 'white' there is. She's got that high-water booty. A high-water booty is important."

...AND THEN I MET ROBIN

Offering his opinion on the current state of human relations, actor Robin Williams said, "You need to go up in the morning, and you'd pick up your newspaper, and you'd walk. Maybe you'd run a little bit. You'd have, and you'd kill. You'd come back,

and on your way back, you'd see some vegetables. And then you'd fall. And if the fall didn't work on back, you'd make her. And if she still didn't, you'd tell her. And then you'd not what you brought back and then it with whoever did fuck you, and then you'd sleep a little bit. And go up. And then you'd go to a house. There's a lot of that stuff that's in our genes."

ALTHOUGH WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, THAT'S ONLY \$5 AN HOUR.
Harrison Ford's great-grandson, the twenty-three-year-old singer with one album to his credit, is willing to tell his life story

FIRST, I THINK WE SHOULD USE BOTH SIDES OF THE PAGE WHEN MAKING COPIES. AND SECOND, I THINK THE PRODUCTIONS SHOULD BE THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION.
Thomas M. Wright, a former Deloitte Department employee charged with your weekly having spent for the East German, the Wall, was given an award in 1991 from Al Gore's "renewing government" program.

IT'S A LOOKS THING, ISN'T IT?
Beyoncé's *Destiny's Child*, the second album by the group, is based on the Wall, was given an award in 1991 from Al Gore's "renewing government" program.



WHY BUY THE COW WHEN YOU DON'T LIKE MILK?
Adrian Zuck, a former NBC executive, was fired from his position as president of the network's daytime programming. He is now a co-owner of the network's daytime programming.

AMAZING FACED GRACE
"I think it's an amazingly nice thing for a man to sing songs," said Rick King, a former member of the band The Promise Keepers. "This is not a song about it's a song, not men singing songs to God."

IF DE TOCQUEVILLE WERE IN JAIL AND HAD CABLE
In his memoir, *American Prisoner*, Nicolas Sarkozy claimed to be familiar with "those old on prison staples of American culture, the Wild West Show and the dancing on TSN."



OF THE CHICAGO ENVELOPES
Kurtis Gentry, of Durham, North Carolina, was charged with carrying a gun to the Chicago Envelope company in a prison of Chicago made out to a 100-Ton Steel Envelope.



OUR WORK HERE IS DONE
In the words before becoming a movie star, the actor's name was John of the House of Gore. He took a vacation, during which he played the machine in Las Vegas, and in Tiger King, made a roller coaster, named the World, and took in a showing of *James & Les*.

OKAY, WHO'S THE WISEBIRD WHO TURNED OFF THE HOLDOCK?
On a farewell videotape, one House of Gore member said, "We want a lot of Star Trek, a lot of Star Trek, it's just, to us it's just going on a hold-over. We take off the veneer."

already believe. go with us of the hold-over to today to be with, you know, the other members on the creek in the bottom."

AND YET HERE GIVES NOTHING BACK TO THE NEW DESIGNER SPACE-CULT COMMUNITY
All shiny new members of House of Gore were found wearing brand new black Nikes.

PACKING LIGHT
Eight of the rule members had been voluntarily incarcerated.

HEROIN CURE IS FOR PUSSES
In order to smooth wrinkles, young professionals in New York are having their faces injected with the most that comes available.

WORST JAPANESE IMPORT
Hideo Inaba



BUT DOCTOR, WILL I STILL BE ABLE TO STARE BLANKLY WITH A SLIGHT SMILE?

Although the headline reads yesterday parts of the face for months making certain expressions impossible, a dermatologist who treats two dozen people a week answered, "What needs a smile? It's not the most positive thing in the world."

FATHER OF THE YEAR

"Wherever I find Goldens" takes of what's left of mine, he is taking from the two people who have suffered the most... my kids."

"If Nicole could make a joint appearance here for a day, I know she'd be seeing people, Stephen O. J. and the kids."

"My dream and my goal is to play golf with my kids."

RUNNER UP
Shortly after his bout with *Evander Holyfield*, Mike Tyson pointed to the out above his eye and explained his motives for being Holyfield. "Look at me. I have one eye. My kids will be scared of me."



YOU FORGOT 'ARCHITECT, DECLINE AND FALL OF'

The House Ethics Committee released notes that Speaker Newt Gingrich made in 1995 about his political strategy. They read, in part: "Gingrich—prudent man. Advocate of common sense. Defender of common sense. Teacher of the Rules of Civility."

FUN COUPLES



Adam Carolla and Lisa Kudrow



Steve Buscemi and Julia Roberts



Eric Zorn and Lisa Kudrow



Paul Giamatti and Lisa Kudrow



David Duchovny and Lisa Kudrow



David Duchovny and Lisa Kudrow



David Duchovny and Lisa Kudrow



David Duchovny and Lisa Kudrow



TOP LEFT: JAMES H. HARRIS

The Wonderful Underworld of Disney

When we first heard about the Southern Baptist boycott of Disney and its subsidiaries—including ABC-TV, Miramax Films, Hyperion books, and Hollywood Records—for what they called the company's "promotion of homosexuality," we checked with it at the quarters of it all: Boycott Disney? Who's next, the Carve Fun Gals?

Sure, Disney extends benefits to the domestic partners of its gay employees. And it is true that ABC—which is owned by Disney—scored big last season with the “coming out” episode of *Film, And... Okay, so Mister...* owned by us, Disney—produced *Prer*, which featured a gay judge. Then we learned the Knights of Columbus and the Assembly of God and the Catholic League were all on the handout, and it made us wonder

Still, we are talking about Disney Snow White. Mickey Mouse. Dwarves. Orphaned deer. It's not as if they've ever done anything to offend anyone. It's not as though the Magic Kingdom is some kind of wholesome, star-spangled cover for an insidious plot to undermine the values of the west and trampling minority of right-thinking Americans. Or is it?

An Arkansas woman sues Disney for misleading subliminal messages in its films and websites on the grounds that **poor people** included in the cover of the Little Mermaid video, the melody in The Lion King Heart "giving the finger" to the camera, and, in The Lion King, a cloud of subliminal parasites that forces the word **me**. Earlier this year Disney settled out of court.

The Los Angeles Times reported that The Great Mileage, an album by the hip-hop band **Immune Brown Press**, contained enough obscenity about "murderers, whores, and bitches" to make James White Black lovers sick. Through Hollywood Records, owned by Disney, spent about a million on the group, a recalled one hundred thousand copies of the album as soon after its release.

Many men and **Wife** The most controversial American Mr. and Mrs. made in the modern era of people ever! The name, distributed by two Disney employees through a press company, is an anti-discriminatory lawsuit against boys and girls smoking pot and marijuana in sex.

A marketing executive at Disney-owned Miramax summed up the company's advertising philosophy thus: "Our cheap chicks in Sex, Lies, and Videotape... that's not a lot of women with no children on their backs in our ads. 'We'll put a gun in if we can. It works! You can score me for this, but it works!'"

The organizers of the seventh annual **Gay & Lesbian City, Ltd.** held at Disney World created a cartoon that portrayed **Mickey and Donald** and **Minnie and Daisy** as gay couples. And a spokesman told *OutWeek* that "We were Mickey to Jerry [comic]. We don't want him to have a stress, when his gay, has."

Answer: Nathan Lane and Kevin Kline claim that the characters they played in *The Firm King of the Bees* are similar to *Punch* the working-man "the first homosexual Disney character who is going to the school."

The American Anti-Apy Discrimination Committee posted an astonishing parody of Article in *Opinion Leader* D. I. (see, *Alabaster*), and then asked Disney members, as well as all Disney Members, magazine article that claimed that *Alabaster* got each color by knowing, you each color's face, so many we feel this month.

The lowest is Emily Harrison, a five-year-old hearing-impaired girl, charged that "Daisy World talks with me at a normal pace for all kids, but she always let me so lonely a day."





you are not welcome in the Magic Kingdom if you are not a Disney character. The park is not a Disney World for anyone but the Disney characters. The park is not a Disney World for anyone but the Disney characters. The park is not a Disney World for anyone but the Disney characters.

The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

References of the book and the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

The "secret" of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

In the Disney movie, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Disney dropped its trademark, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Kevin Smith, the young "actor" who is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Donald O'Connor, who is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Through publishing, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

In September, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

The American Family Association, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

The Catholic Church, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Classy, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

After the Clinton government, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

AFC, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Each week, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Why, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Ready, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

Remember, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book. The second edition of the book, which is the second edition of the book, is the second edition of the book.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions.



Right, working out is one of the best things you can do for your body.

Dear wrong, it can be just hell.

Just ask anyone who has suffered joint trauma due to high-impact repetitive stress about the joys of cardio.

That's why we created the new Ellipse™ multi-body exercise to be virtually impact free.

Made the only aerobic machine you'll ever need, it gives you a great workout: running, climbing, stepping, pushing, pulling, working.

You get the most-body exercise you need without the big stress, knee strain and aching feet and ankles.

It's yours. All you need is the right

steps, a small Calorie Counter and heart rate monitor.

ellipse
NordicTrack

Q **NEST** Send me a FREE trial and brochure.


Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____

NordicTrack

Call 1-800-441-2371 or write to: NordicTrack, Dept. 1000
One NordicTrack Drive, Ft. Collins, CO 80504
Visit us at <http://www.nordictrack.com>
We'll send you a FREE trial and brochure.

Get the power of
**FREE VIDEO and
BROCHURE!** **1-800-441-2371**
OFFER

Dubious Achievements Man of the Year Single Elimination Playoff Battle Royale



Frank Gifford
Lost to Kathie Lee

Little leaping
Picked up young women, presumably homeless, averting in need of assistance



Fanny Zeller
Made golf seem less recently prosecuted



Michael Kennedy
Ivory at the way with the baby stars




Andrew Cannan
Killed five people, then himself



Red Seal
Squinted-camera, working, looks good. Also, no Whoppers for 45 hours

(Bye)



Marty Albert
Squinted through NBA Finals and NFL preseason. And fat women



John Huang
Only as that he could give them give some more



Christian Slater
Got drunk, high, naked, and sat friend



That volcano on Montserrat
Spouted molten lava and ash, forcing evacuation of single island colony



Seven o'clock
Is still surprisingly on TV




Martin Paritz
Pressing Al Gore's head boy, munched up the New Republic. Again




Michael Flitely
Was created twice over, best conveyed dramatic, one desperate woman at a time




Dafley Moore
Fourth wife claims he beat her, grabbed her wrists, made her dance for 20 hours a day



Charles Buckley
The new guy through a window




Edie Murphy
Just less no homeless women—that was a prostitute. And that prostitute was a boy



Edie Murphy
Publisher "Hearing" happened at all, but Eddie said he will never do this again. However, he will continue to help homeless people



Michael Kennedy
Discovered the good name of the Kennedy




Andrew Cannan
One victim was a lecherous clothing designer with lecherous transsexuals of them the last without last names




Andrew Cannan
Made island beach seem lonely



Marty Albert
Fifty six years old, still can't work the fax machine



John Huang
Ruled \$1 a million suspect contributions



John Huang
Alamy's name is by Eddie



That volcano on Montserrat
As Fido British, I have enough to worry about



Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today



Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today



Charles Buckley
Made game can't what is used to be



Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today



Charles Buckley
Made game can't what is used to be




Charles Buckley
Made game can't what is used to be




Andrew Cannan
Made island beach seem lonely



Marty Albert
Fifty six years old, still can't work the fax machine



John Huang
Ruled \$1 a million suspect contributions



John Huang
Alamy's name is by Eddie



That volcano on Montserrat
As Fido British, I have enough to worry about



Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today



Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today




Charles Buckley
Made game can't what is used to be




Charles Buckley
Made game can't what is used to be



Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today



Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today




Charles Buckley
Made game can't what is used to be




Charles Buckley
Made game can't what is used to be



Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today




Michael Flitely
His, five dance spin off, good of the dancer, had cost 3 million copies on video. My brother is in the, I show in the world today




Charles Buckley
Made game can't what is used to be




Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying




Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying




Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying




Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying




Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Paparazzi
Invented around Diana's car, clicking away as she lay dying



Candice Parker Bowles
Made Diana sad



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



Kodomo Karafuku
Bury of ethnic cleansing



They say that a camera
is the sublimation of a gun,
and a photograph is the
sublimation of a murder.
With my camera bag slung
over my shoulder, I face all
of celebrity and ask:
Do I look like a killer?

CARTIER

The camera, ready to be used, answers its purpose in
the "global wolf pack" of celebrity photographers.



It starts with Jennifer Beals. I see her getting on an elevator. She's wearing a light-blue jacket, looks a bit thin but still very pretty. I remember her talking off her hira in that big warehouse loft, that business with the ripped sweatshirt. A lot of women were wearing ripped sweatshirts after that movie came out.

I hesitate for only a second, then jump myself onto the elevator. Reaching into the door, I reach into my camera bag. When the doors open, I dart out and get in position. And there she is! I snap off two quick shots, but too many people are in the way, and she's closing her head.

So I follow her. She's with a holding guy in a sports jacket. They walk down the long black toward Broadway—and, man, the atmosphere is pumping! I crouch up with them just before the corner.

"Nice Beals!" I say. She doesn't say, but she turns. "I didn't get a very good shot of you back there. Can I try again?" New she says, "Okay, since you asked so nicely," she says she steps away from her friend and poses. My shot is pouring. The flash goes off, and I am in the camera.

Then she says, "Why don't you take another one?"

This is two weeks after the crash in Paris. Her name, politicians have been calling for restrictions on the "global wolf pack" of celebrity photographers. They have proposed banning access around celebrities, even suggested banning flashing lenses as if they were automatic weapons. Movie stars have been eagerly telling tales of dangerous attacks and verbal harassment by video snailshooters. And all the time, behind these editorial writers agree: It's a riot.

I try to push my way up front. "Get this fucking guy out of here," one photographer says. "My friendly competition," I say.

"You're no competition," says a woman with crazy blonde hair. "You got to get here early to be competitive."

Ten days these photographers are invited, anticipated, as much a part of the premiere tradition as the stars and the red carpet—they are a big thinking sign that says something important is happening here. It wouldn't be the Oscars without the star-walk past the cameras, wouldn't be Cannes without the rings of photographers shooting starlets on the beach. The photographers are part of the story, legitimizing the event by recording it. But they are also pressed back like animals, which seems to be part of the machine, too.

There's a sense, defensive mood in the media tonight. The photographers talk about Clooney's movie as a competing paparazzi to crack dealers. They keep insisting that when he comes out, they won't shoot him. Some of them have been waiting about two hours not to shoot him. Kevin Kline because by without slowing down. "Boo!" everyone shouts.

Then it's the March of the Lesser Actresses, who always pose nicely, so we return the favor and waste a little film. And there's Nicole Kidman. You look through the lens

her just regular folk. And then Clooney's gone, and all of the TV cameras rush out to the premiere line. "What kind of a statement are you trying to make?" one reporter demands. "Do you think your presence is going to change in any way what George Clooney thinks about the paparazzi?" The shooters play it up, performing for the cameras. It's all Dams, and nobody has any sense here. I, anyway, the snailshooters create this situation on purpose—they make it difficult to take a picture because they make people look better.

Oh, this is good. The TV guys start to push one another. They're from "Dumb," one of them says. Don't pudge back on our cameras."

Finally, the PA lady goes to the security guard and points at the media snarl, paparazzi and TV crews alike. "Security man," she says pleasantly, "get these guys out of here."

I am taking paparazzi lessons from New York's most talked-about celebrity photographer, Steve Smith. He's a twofold and obvious, prone to long monologues about the threatened and rights of photographers, always looks as if he slept in his clothes. He's also known with a camera. He took his first celebrity photo when he was a student at NYU, a day young physics major "taking it as the thought" that Valerie Perrine would pose for him. "Then she is, standing in front of me with her nipples sticking out in the face, and I'm supposed to take pictures in front! Let me tell you, they were not just."

Then, since he has been living through the city in search of celebrities. He won't wear outside people's homes, won't bother them at dinner, won't even stand outside a star's trailer on a movie set, because that's not "journalism," and he has no interest in taking an "intrusive picture." "What kind of guy in photography can you take in taking an actor who looks good and making him look bad?" But at all accounts, he's the pushiest guy in New York. And just try and stop him from shooting on a public street. He's thirty-nine and has been arrested twice, has used force, and won twice.

Steve sends me to parties, to premieres, to movie sets. He gets his tips from the Celebrity Service, newsletters, from his wide network of connections, and from the police, who give out the locations of the movies filming in New York each day. He wants me to try to block me in at every turn, and on my first day out alone he prongs right up to Grand Park, a production assistant with a headlamp points the path to the set of the new John Roberts movie, *Seppuku*. "This is private property," the snail says.

"Is there anywhere I can shoot?"

"You can't shoot. It's a closed set. If you try to shoot, the cops will run you off."

What that called for I have been perfectly polite. I feel obliged to put up some kind of argument. "This is still America, isn't it?"

"Sort of," the PA answers. I turn to go, and she shouts in a cheer. "If you come back, you will be arrested."

It's amazing, being treated this way. So I work my way up through the Grand Park castle and through the proverbial bushes. From the grass I can see a house with hanging, can hear the doors creak. "Roll sound."

People are looking at me, pointing. A guy in a tan suit comes to check me out, crosses his arms, and sets his head in my direction. Okay, okay, I say. I give him a wave.

Ten minutes. Twenty. Thirty. A PA comes to look at me and says something about telling a policeman.

Then she is. The first close is her portrait, her head bowed like a religious figure in a medieval painting. And I know she has to see it. I push the button, and the camera fires with that satisfying, video-gone sound—*click-click-click-click*—and I feel a sign, just as with Jennifer Beals, as she drops down the side of a very tight focus. I reach through the lens and back, and my finger points, and I think of nothing but the shot. Here, inside the camera, there's a satisfying knowing. It's the physical sensation of being on the outside looking in. And afterward, there is a magical aftermath, a potential anarchy. You need to lagge at the scene.

But none of my film comes out. All I get from *Seppuku* is a little *Julius* in a mess of leaves and cars. On the Clooney night, only five frames come out—the last even gives me money back. Which is a surprisingly humbling considering I've never heard can out and just bought this supposedly amateur, one-of-a-kind camera a work ago and still haven't used the manual. For that matter, I've never made film photography. For wanting, posing their loved ones in front of me, I find pay and a little contempt. It's pathetic, this urge to freeze the moment.

Still, I want my pictures to be good. Maybe it's just the result of tracking something, waiting for the best moment to shoot—you become a connoisseur of moments, disdaining of the visually mediocre. And there's something undeniably compelling about the camera itself, with its heavy metal weight and flashing lenses. I spend the next three days taking tons of pictures and setting down all the props and shutter speeds. That's how you use the movie—you twist it with your hand. The only problem is that my photos are completely boring: look, buildings, foliage.

Then Steve calls and says Woody Allen is looking for real payment to be come in his next movie, which stars Melina Gullish and Kenneth Branagh. The scene is a fashion show, and we play the lingerie accident last hours. We get paid up and well, of course, clip real film into our camera the first chance we get. The location is a vast, old greenhouse on a rooftop next to the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. A few down real New York papers are here, suggested by entree with cameras. The best known is Ron Gullish, who shows up with her mixed photos of police and his hanging from his camera strap like a pole and quickly makes himself into the star on camera. So the camera roll and the models walk and we shoot them and everyone else, too, and we are part of the show and we are shooting the show and everything goes a little odd. Gullish keeps watching Woody with that dogged expression, lower lip jutting out like Churchill's, and whenever Woody gets close to any other star—like Gullish gets the shot.

Between takes, the paparazzi jostle. "What's the difference between paparazzi and Stevie the Bull?"

"What?"

"Anyway the Bull stops shooting when you're dead."

A blonde PA hears that and snaps. "Hey, no Dams just today. I'm sorry."

Later in the afternoon, I slide into a corner to rest for a minute, and suddenly there's Kenneth Branagh lighting up a cigarette, framed by a window with a dramatic bridge behind him. I raise my camera and focus, fire off two quick shots—*long-beep-beep*—beep being like a television.

Branagh already ignores me. I find gratitude and a kind of uneasy exhilaration, as if I got away with something.

"It's a closed set," said the PA.
"You will be arrested."
Was that called for? I have
been polite. This is still
America, isn't it? "Sort of."

del. Even after it comes out that Dams's dinner was drunk, people still say the photographers tried to move her, or didn't try to move her, or interfered with the police, or something—they must have done something.

So when am I doing hugging my breast now camera bag to the premiere of the new George Clooney movie? Like most writers, I'm always sort of distressed photography, but I'm no fool over the years that photographers all share some instincts, boldness, the need to be there. So here I am, really to be faced. Load me with the stars of celebrity culture and drive me into the wilderness, please! And there they are, just past the Ziegfeld marquee and the red carpet. It's half an hour before the show, and already they're piled up on a river just behind a blue police barricade, some using ladder and milk crates to get even higher. They blink with camera.

and take her in, dressed in black with a glowing, darker and arched marquee, on her hip her eyes and strike a dramatic pose. Of course, she is married to Tom Cruise, who called CNN the night Dams died to denounce all paparazzi as bloodsucking scum. But nobody remembers that now. She turns, holding the pose and smiling, as the flashbulbs burst like her starry diamond light. It looks particularly good on her. "Nicole!" someone shouts. "Nicole!"

Finally, Clooney can fly—so fast the house doesn't mean until he's almost past. "Don't shoot the snailshooters!" A flashbulb goes off. "Hey, Nicole!" "Roll! Roll! Roll! Roll! Roll! Roll! Roll!" And then he's gone.

But wait, here he comes again! He's standing over doors, posing—popping—in front of cameras with disposable cameras. Shaking heads and losing balance and shooting everybody

All this and markets in lingerie, too.

And this is the thing: The photos come out great. When I spread the slides out on a light table, they come to life with rich, graphic color. What would otherwise be ordinary poses—a man standing with a woman, a man lighting a cigarette—are redefined by them. There is a reason for these photographs: This shot of Kenneth Branagh looks. And this shot of Woody standing with his back to the camera—it's poetry, cinema.

I start to dream about my camera. Like a gun or a car or a h-b, it gleams and does magical things. It's the kind of tool a certain type of introverted guy can develop an obsession with. I like my new camera bag, too, the strength of the black duckcloth and the way the Velcro rips when I open the pockets.

Does photography intensify things? Does it make you fall in love with your own pictures? Is it a smothering ritual of obsession? All I know is that I've been an obsessive of moment sets before, and I never thought once about all the moments lost.

And it isn't enough just to take pictures. I want to tell them, too. Steve was still at NYU when he shot Robert De Niro on the set of *Raging Bull* and sold the pictures to the New York Post for \$5, not money for a college student at the time. There's always the possibility of a big score. Larry Schwartz sold off fifty grand for the first shots of Madonna's baby, and Steve got the same for his shots of De Niro's birthday party. They say that first shot of Dodi and Diana brought a million.

So I take my best slides to Sue Fife, an agency run by a woman named Virginia Lohle. She's friendly, salty, tells me she's a known authority on the work of Eric Clapton. "I learned a long time ago," the Rolling Stones play your phone bill, but Elizabeth Taylor gave your rate," she says, sliding out her card like a businesswoman in a florist mode.

Looking over my photographs, Lohle nods approval. "I love stuff from movie sets," she says. "You can use it to advertise; you can use it at time of release; you can use it at time of video release; you can use it fifteen years later for the nostalgia revival."

We're in heaven! She tells me to take more pictures and call back on Monday.

So now I'm on the hunt. Steve calls at night and gives me tips. One is Queens, Woody Allen and Kenneth Branagh are just standing around in the street as the crew rigs a lighting camera for a traveling shot with moving cars. I shoot them from ten feet away, and in ten minutes I'm bored. Enter Mr. Woody, running toward the light a little! Taking off the baseball cap! The DA feels obligated to give me a hand time, even if I'm not seeing today, but he's just going through the motions. Most of the PA are kindly going up and even find all the camera work, gaudy about how cinematic the movie may be. A small *schmuck* makes the crew light the camera on a pedestal.

Then suddenly the rolling camera is ready, and Woody gets in his seat to follow the shot. I have no idea how far they are going, so I start running for my car, my damn one-way street, and then there they are, a black away—we're driving in

the same direction on parallel streets! I try raising the blocks. No, you—what, what? They go! They these they are in front of me, and I'm changing them, running red lights and stop signs and shooting out the window just for the public hell of it.

When they stop, I find parking and rush over to the new set. At that moment, an attractive blond walks up to Woody's. It's Melissa Griffith. My hands are shaking so badly I'm sure the shot is blurred. A few minutes later Steve and I catch Woody throwing a ball against a wall. He throws it over and over again, in a slow meditation, while we kneel and shoot and shoot until we're both out of film. Then Woody comes by and gives us a grin. He holds up the ball and squeaks it. "This ball is hot," he says.

Yes! He spoke to me! I'm not stupid! I exist!
This ball is hot.

I t's so easy to slip across the line. Today, Robert Downey Jr. and Tommy Lee Jones are shooting something called *It's a Wonderful Life* on Madison Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. I head to the set and find the son of Steve. They are parked by a nice low wall. It seems like such a good place to sit.

And I'm still sitting there ten minutes later, when one of the trailer doors opens and then slams; my an shades opens out. It's Downey. What am I going to do? Whip out the camera. It's a public street. When I point it at Downey, my new videocam starts whining like a drunk, refusing to focus. So suddenly I'm dashing across the street, dodging traffic and running back to my again. Downey walks toward me. A shot. Another? Another? Another? He takes no notice of me, walking past without baring his head up.

I do feel like I'm violating him a bit, and I know I should feel bad about it. It seems so intrusive, so voyeur, so desecrating of his composure. A hundred years ago it was considered vulgar to have your name in the paper, and here I am staring along the pavement, making my camera on the face of a second-rate actor. An actor who happens to have a well-publicized drug problem that I may be aggravating right now. I am not the kind of person who does something like this.

But I do feel bad. Not at the time, anyway. Every moment my camera is on Downey is elusive with the advantage of getting the shot and with the pure burst of focus. This is different from meeting someone and shaking hands. I've met famous people before. I interviewed John Robert Lee. Sharon Stone at a party. But this is a little focused by the camera lens, by the act of photography, because you are trying to get the shot, and everything is happening so fast that time blurs a little, and you're in this strange moment in which you exist in relation to this person you are photographing, foot step through the lens, and there you are in the same frame as this famous person, taking his picture.

A few minutes later, I see Tommy Lee Jones puffing on a big cigar, sitting on a car. As he signs a few autographs, I put up my camera and take a couple of shots. He looks directly at me and shakes his head. "No pictures now," he says. He seems so small and unassuming that I'm chastened. I put my camera down.

There are a few more moments go by, and Tommy Lee Jones is just sitting there, no more pictures. And when you think about it, he's sitting there in a malapropos to have his picture taken by a big movie camera for the purpose of projecting a prop for high in movie theaters all over the world. Plus he's doing all of this on Madison Avenue, where people are lining

the streets with cheap cameras. I can find the masses looking by the ghost about peering away and dissolving.

I snap off a shot. Tommy Lee glares at me, a wounded old bull taking one more pole.

I have the set shaken. What am I doing?

Could I stalk another human being? A certain malpractice is required in this. Lawyers are ruthless. Politicians are ruthless. Maybe there's a natural law of fear, and when time starts sailing away at a certain number of words, it just naturally drives me. Like me.

One Sunday morning, I drove down to John Kennedy Jr.'s house. I am armed with a new used Nikon to use a 35 lens which can stay. It's four inches long, matches him, cool-looking. You can point it at someone and move him a half a block with a twist of your hand.

The closer I get, the quieter I get. He's just somebody's kid. When I'm somebody's kid, I want to see something new with my camera bag and asks, "Why don't you make the guy shoot? Will I be able to say, 'Just doing my job'?"

"There is an aggression implicit in every use of the camera," wrote the very clever Susan Sontag, "just as the camera is a substitution of the gun, to photograph someone is a substituted murder—a suit murder, appropriate to a sad, frightened time."

No, then. Not John John.

Murders would be easier to justify. She has deliberately created my space with her image on numerous occasions. Steve says he would drive the law at Madonna's body and think the twenty-five minutes surveillance of Diana were too fat, but he feels that John John deserves it because he runs past photographers, even in public events. At one charity function, John John allowed only three photographers to take pictures, as some of the guys got that even though they had already been approved. That shot breathes if you're trying to make a living.

I park on the street outside John John's house and read from John's sign judgment against Stan Gallella for violating the court order barring him from approaching within twenty-five feet of her. "He ruined my daughter's graduation," he named my son's graduation.

For his part, Gallella seems hurt by the whole thing. He admits that he got a little too close. No one remembers that it was Gallella who brought the original lawsuit after the Stern Service pulled him into a crowd. Gallella said John. That's how the famous twenty-five feet order came about. But then, Gallella isn't a guy who gets the message and fast. Melvin Brando breaks his leg, Liz and Dick's bodyguards play the drums on that site, and then he decides to spend the rest of his life pestering the widow of a senatorial president. In his spy book, *Jeopardy*, he muses on why he started the hunt. "She's a great challenge. She's very mobile, she would never stop and make it easy." When she runs away from him, he takes it as a warning point in their "relationship."

I have a feeling it should end here. I'm beginning to feel more like some weird loiterer. When I work as a street photographer I know from film and magazine hunters by the other side of the velvet ropes and don't even notice me—I'm lost in the forest of cameras. The ones who do see me always laugh, as if I'm doing some ridiculous and mad thing. Maybe I am. I can't help looking a little maniac



Ordinary people photographed by Steve Fife for his *Private Lives* series, as a private moment on the set of Woody Allen's latest movie—my inside view. Center: A man in a suit, possibly John Kennedy Jr., looking towards the camera. Bottom: A man in a suit, possibly John Kennedy Jr., looking towards the camera.

DEAN A. BACHMANN

by failure. The Mark of the Loner is upon me. What if you can't go back across the velvet ropes?

A few paparazzi would probably hound at this point. Cut off the societal part of herself like a cancerous lesion, forcing his inner cruelty. I'm not sure I can do that. I'm not sure I want to.

Then Sharon Stone starts shooting. Close, a swirl of an old John Casanova movie. I get to the set in the morning and find a few photographers already there, hugging past inside the red carpet and buzzing with the bad news. The police/public-relations people aren't going out more locations anymore. It's because of Diana, of course. Steve starts his rant about police being security guards for the rich. He's wearing a digne white tunic—because Sharon doesn't like him, he explains, looking a little sheepish.

After about a half hour, Sharon shows up. She sits on the sidewalk while a makeup woman touches up her lip. I'm standing about ten feet away, just beyond the police barrier and out of the PAs, so I lift up my camera and shoot. Sharon catches sight of me. "Give me a little break while I'm gonna make up, okay?" she asks.

"Sure," I say.

I lower the camera. Just then, there's an attraction to my right. Some kid girl is juggling his finger at New Ted Fox photographer Larry Schwoerwald. "I think you should be behind the cones!" he shouts.

"You don't have the authority to tell me that," Schwoerwald responds.

The gonna get somebody with the authority in just a minute.

He's nobody, just some cretin who's decided it's his job in life to protect Sharon Stone. But a few minutes later, the head PA comes up to us. "Guys, can you give us a little more space now? She's just warming up."

He's reasonable about it, so we fall back. Meanwhile, the one photographer keeps snapping away at Sharon, just to make it extra clear that it's not being photographed that he's not so much as being photographed by us. What she wants is photo approval. Time, lighting, shoot away—we'll get our chance later. So we linger on the edges of the scene, waiting for our moment. By now, many of the more active celebrity photographers are here. Bill Davis, Mitch Gerber, Schwoerwald, Swails, and four or five others.

Then Sidney Lumet gives Sharon two thumbs up, and I lift my camera—and then big bag walks into my sight. I do a camera again, and he walks into my shot again.

Is he doing it on purpose?

"Give us a little slack time, mate," he says. "Just give her a chance to adjust."

Is he doing it on purpose?

So I give it a little slack time, man, trying to be cooperative. But when Sidney Lumet calls, "Action!" I figure the camera is already rolling, so what difference does it make?

And the big bag walks in front of my camera.

"Why are you standing in front of my camera?" I ask.

A PA gives me a dirty look. "Be quiet—the camera is rolling."

She's one of those college girls who think film makes us the anointed of God. "You guys are trying to do your job. I'm trying to do my job," I say, reaching for a little dignity. "Why

does this guy keep standing in front of my camera?"

"Be quiet," she hisses.

"Why don't you tell him to stop standing in front of my camera?"

"Be quiet and I'll think about it."

That voice of contempt again. Like they're caring on our side.

After the scene, Sharon goes to take in a line with tatted women, and the talk among the photographers turns to the traditional papawalk of who got beaten up or arrested. One guy got roughed up taking out Madonna. Schwoerwald got pummeled by Pamela Anderson-Lera bodyguards, and Friday it was a guy named Herbie, jumped by a friend or body guard or acquaintance of Leonardo DiCaprio.

How's go by like that. They say photographers have been getting beaten up by celebrities since cameras were invented, but lately things seem to have gotten worse. Al Bielefeld punching that guy who shot him coming home from the hospital with his kid, De Niro grabbing Joseph Lyster by the hair, Stallone slapping that guy in LAX, David—last March, when she stood on the sidewalk, crying, "Get the f---!" as a passing camera showed a photographer onto a wall. Celebrities say that's because paparazzi have been getting more aggressive in the last few years, but the truth seems to be that they feed on each other. Right now, for instance, Steve's last law-suit against the city isn't going so hot—but lawyer thinks that the Diana thing will screw him with the pay—which just makes Steve that much hungrier. So he helps himself to food from the film company's catering truck.

After lunch, Sharon starts shooting a scene where she stops at a phone booth, a string dangle at her. We find space on the traffic island, but the PAs tell us we're in the frame. Steve points to a big camera once directly behind us. "What about that?" he says. "Is that in the frame?"

They leave us alone. I think they're even a little ashamed of themselves.

And then Sharon. A clear shot finally the sun lighting up that tangle of golden hair. Lateral foot lift yelling, "That she blow?"

And a bodyguard moves in front of my camera. Then another photographer darts around the bodyguard and into the street to get a better shot, and when Sharon catches sight of him, a hard, angry line cuts down her face. She snaps at someone, then suddenly another bodyguard—a good-looking blond guy in a black shirt—comes charging right up to me. "How many fucking shots you want?" he snarls. "You're a pain in the ass! You've been here all day!"

"It's a public street," I say.

"So you take advantage!"

Now both bodyguards start blocking. They stand right in front of our camera or move in front of us just as we're about to shoot. They're not really stopping us, just hassling us and making us feel like dirt. Finally, Mitch Gerber explodes. "I'm trying to work here!"

Sharon glares at him. "We're waiting, too," she says.

"We're trying to accommodate you, but we're also trying to work!"

But she isn't trying to accommodate us at all—she's paying bodyguards to stand in front of her. I have a feeling that doesn't even occur to her. She's angry and righteous, with an imperial air. How dare the peevish look upon me.

"Can everybody just calm down, please," the head PA

pleads. His name is Colin, and he's serious, snapping kindly to the photographers.

"Just get this fucking guy to stop hassling me, or I'm gonna get him arrested for harassment," Gerber says.

After a few minutes, Colin comes to us with a proposition. "If we agree to leave Sharon alone for a while, the crew will convene her to pose for a dress shot. We agree. A moment later, Sharon picks up a seven-year-old cottage, and we go on, moving through people like a pro. "This is my car," Jean-Luke Picotone. He's a very good actor and quite heavy. I might add. "It was because it's such a complex scene—solidity she's acting the part of a glamorous movie star meeting the press, and because she's so darn fabulous as an actress, we're supposed to forget that she's been hiding behind big, rude bodyguards for the last five hours."

But we all take his picture.

And then we leave.

A Star File the next day, an assistant shows me Larry Schwoerwald's picture of Sharon, which is already printed in the Pire. It's a blur, a shot of her playing coarsely with the kid. "This is what you're competing with," he says.

I ask him what the best pictures are now. "Madonna and child," he says without hesitation.

My paparazzo teacher says I should go ahead and stalk Sharon Stone. Maybe I'd get beaten up in the process. Then I'd know how it feels.

The assistant isn't so impressed with my stuff. The Sharon photos are ordinary and there were too many photographers at the Pire. "If you're there with every photographer, you haven't got much," he says. "What else is exclusive—that's the key word."

Dave Melnick. Gruffly adjusting his puffy beard doesn't interest him. "A fight, that would be good."

I read in one article that you get fifteen hundred for a new beer, five grand for drunk or seriously passed out, and ten grand for John Robert's birthday party. What about Sharon? Is there a Sharon Stone shot worth getting?

He thinks for a second. "I got a request for Sharon crying. If you can get her crying, that'll be good."

Steve picks up his mail. There's a check from his agency—big up for Drew Barrymore in Australia. He says, "I go to Green Studios in Venice now for Katherine Heigl in the Chicago Tribune. Paul, Dabbs, Winger, Ted Turner, Billy Crystal, Harrison Ford, Winona Ryder, for a total of \$60,000—not bad for a month's salary. But Steve will love

like a teenager in an apartment over the garage. He does an act, he black, he halfways covers his living room a bedroom orange. A layer of dust covers everything. Shirts and magazines and books and clothes lie everywhere. Guitars lean against a wall. Steve grabs out and shreds through a little CD. He sounds pretty good.

Then he shows himself on the bed and starts making out. "Hey this is Steve Stone. I got some stuff with Whitney. She's on top of a train. Give me a call." While he talks, I look through his book. There's De Niro on the cover of American Film. Paul Newman riding a bicycle in a book called Hollywood. Willie Nelson. Duke on the cover of the Faber and Faber edition of Light/Super. They're lovely pictures.

There's one of Sharon Stone, too. She's wearing a bathrobe, and she's posing in the apartment—photographic evidence that she was once so eager to have her picture taken that she undressed in the apartment of a despised paparazzo. No wonder she hates him.

This morning's Post says that Sharon is "Ms. Coopersmith" and "a person pleaser" for local photographers. Apparently, nobody told her bodyguards that today they've got two big black umbrellas that they use to block every possible shot.

"Let's go around them, boys," says Steve.

The games begin. We jockey for angles, the bodyguards jockey to stop us, and the PAs try to keep us off their backs as they take the shot. "Behind the cones, please, behind the cones." Most of them are pretty nice about it, but after a while a slummy PA named Bobbi starts to beat over. "I'm going to be looking some ass around here," he says.

The umbrellas are driving us into traffic, so Steve tries to convince the cops on the scene to give us some room to shoot on the edge of the set. She ignores him. Moments later, Sharon levels her eyes at us. "She says to have to back up," she says. "You're in the frame."

I obey meekly. Then Dave the Bodyguard takes a position in front of me with his umbrella over his shoulder, the quiet painting right at my face. It seems so stupid and belated. I throw the umbrella to get his attention.

He gets it at me, not so worried or anything, but in my general direction. I ask him nicely. "Why don't you just get your umbrellas down and let us get our shot and get out of here?"

"You say you're not going to get all the pictures you need already."

Half an hour later, after a shooting [continued on page 110]



new suit?

orange cashmere v-neck sweater (\$125) by barneys.

this is what they ask you Monday morning, but not because you're wearing one, because you've made an old suit

look new—with this confidently colorful sweater or any of the other bold accessories highlighted on these pages.

photographs by geoff hony

blue silk tie (LH 94) by richard james

yellow silk tie (S 105) by robert taylor

orange silk tie (H 104) by nicola carino

red patterned tie by burberry

purple tie (LH 104) by robert taylor

tie (H 104)

blue patterned tie (H 104) by robert taylor

blue tie (LH 104) by robert taylor

blue patterned tie (H 104) by robert taylor

blue tie (LH 104) by robert taylor



you want him, go with a cartoon tie, you want powerful, one of these solid or finely patterned overties is the best.



on blizzly days, a sweater suit takes up a spot of horizon with velvet padded up with a lightweight, lively-fused sweater.





Shirts by Thomas Pink

Shirts by Thomas Pink

Shirts by Thomas Pink

Shirts by Thomas Pink

Shirts by Thomas Pink

Shirts by Thomas Pink

Shirts by Thomas Pink



Shirts by Thomas Pink



Best in class: a single suit and an unapologetic, you'd never see it on a car salesman tie.



the goo that saved the world

By Rene Chun

The next sexual revolution is contained in an ounce of EroGel, a miracle substance that will free us from HIV and every other STD. Or not.

I beheld the bad taste of salvation.

What was God saying to you and me when he came up with sexually transmitted diseases? Perhaps he was trying to curb our appetites. Enforce a period of contemplation. Maybe he was trying to avoid the overreaction. It is possible that, as he is wont to do, he was just introducing a paradox—lulling us by the same fleshy means by which he creates us. Or, just maybe, he was testing our ingenuity.

With that as your operating theory, behold a dollop of modern miracle in the palm of your hand. This miracle has a viscosity somewhere between that of extra-syrupy and Slippery Do, but you wouldn't want to put it in your hair. That would be a waste of perfectly good EroGel.

Rub your hands together. There is a slight seducing action, but the gel is completely odorless and transparent. Quite slippery, too. Friction between your hands is an impossibility.

Tob a bit on your tongue. Now that was probably a mistake. Stuff comes like hell. But it's best you find that out right now. Definitely something you'll want to know."

After a moment, the snuff disappears entirely, and you are left with a recommended dosage of a world-class, over-the-counter sex lubricant on your hands. The professionals use that stuff. As a matter of fact, through some caprice of modern marketing, you're going to find a bundle of this quality packaged product (to go only if you happen to wander into your local adult bookstore or some such place).

And, in addition to providing its pleasure service, this "lube," in the consumer call, it also lets all sexually transmitted diseases known to man. On contact.



II. Witness the visionary of sex. His name is Ted.

This is what the Reverend Ted McIlwenna (United Methodist, married, who is the avuncle behind Engel, wants the world to believe, anyway) McIlwenna is the founder and president of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, a fully accredited graduate school in San Francisco that awards academic degrees in sociology, or, as the institute's course catalog puts it, the "science of sexual behavior in all its aspects."

Dressed conservatively in a button-down shirt and blue slacks, the forty-five-year-old McIlwenna doesn't necessarily look like a visionary of sex. More like an NFL lineman from the Lombardi era gone to seed, the victim of thousands of lawsuits and bad reviews. The circus barker he has accumulated over the years hangs off his bones in massive folds. He is a large man.

But it is not the imposing physical presence that you notice first. It is the eyes. Hooded by fleshy lids, they appear to be little more than pale, lantern-like ovals carved into the soft tissue of his starchy face. Compromised and ancient, these are the eyes of a Buddha. Unlike Buddha, however, sexual arousal or irritation, which is frequent. When this happens, the lids retract like also doors, the perspiration in the wrinkles of his, and the great blue orb becomes avuncle. It's an incredibly theatrical effect—the same kind of wide-eyed expression that hypochondriacs practice in front of a mirror.

For a hall of science, McIlwenna's entrance is a cross between an ornate office, he is exploring why his facilities aren't silent, a little more like his starchy chrome-and-glass Kinsley palace, and maybe why he doesn't look a little more like a Masters or maybe a John. "Here already you're in here off the street, asking, 'Is this the place I go to get fucked?'" he says. McIlwenna would not want to encourage this.

So he runs a stealth operation. The institute does not announce itself to pedestrians and is actually hard to find. A place where the troubling work of human sexuality gets done, disguised as just another seedy suite of offices in downtown San Francisco. McIlwenna thinks of himself as a renegade, a loner with many enemies who are trying to thwart his work and suppress Engel, and he seems to very much enjoy this status. And he has no medical or scientific pedigree, his education is in divinity, Pacific School of Reli-

gion, which makes his position a hot odd.

But Engel is just one of McIlwenna's sexual inventions. He has also developed a vibrator for nonorgasmic women and an aphrodisiac, Vigore Forte, which is presented by M.D.'s. "My creativity quotient is at a genius level," he says.

Referring to the institute's notorious Sexual Attitude Restructuring Room upstairs, McIlwenna says like a jester waiting for his and his to arrive. He seems to float several feet above the floor, the colorful cushions that surround him providing ballast for his immense body.

In addition to maintaining the largest sociological library in the world (everything from indie B films to back issues of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*), the institute also houses the most comprehensive and scholarly record of human sexuality ever assembled. This includes the largest collection of pornography. The institute is packed, floor to ceiling, with erotic posters, dirty playing cards, French postcards, 10,000 books, and at least 10,000 films. McIlwenna's snuff library is so vast that it also fills eight warehouses throughout San Francisco. He wants to donate the collection to an archive somewhere and has already been turned down by the Library of Congress.

Also stored on the premises, in several hundred steel cabinets, are fourteen hundred videotapes that chronicle two decades' worth of human and nonhuman porn by the leading experts in the field of sex. "Distinguished lecturers" listed in the school's catalog include William Masters and Sherie Hite.

The Sexual Attitude Restructuring program is an integral part of the institute's curriculum, a sort of an apogee for the sexually adventurous. The focused attention of the SAR course is known as the "Yuckness." Here, students recline on a sea of oversize pillows while various sex films are projected simultaneously on a two-story wall. Far fucking, behind the Glass Door, sadomasochistic play, animals. Sex is known to break out on these excursions.

"There are other places where you can study reproduction, but this is the only place where you can study sex," says Dr. Dudley Chapman, a gynecologist once Cleveland and a member of the institute's Board of Directors. "I thought I had seen everything," he says. "Then I went to Ted's place and saw an elephant copulate. The fuckers are an invaluable educational tool. I highly recommend it."

"The institute is the last real bastion of sex education left in the world," says Dr. Jack Summers, a urologist and the president of the Ohio State Medical Association. "Ted really knows his stuff. He's the country's foremost authority on sex."

McIlwenna is played on his psychologic play, very happy from when I have been told, this is quite a stretch of credibility for him. And then the conversation turns to condoms. McIlwenna hates condoms. They're useless. They're stupid, and bad medicine. Suddenly, he is furious. Up go his lids. The eyes are positively encephalitic. "The hell with condoms!" he spews. "I don't have fuck in my body!" We've turned them at the institute. The same heard that the government buys—lifestyles. One in six was defective. That's unacceptable! Throw in human error—proper use, improper storage, slippage—and you're in real trouble. It's Russian roulette!"

The charges are starting, and the subject makes his trade



What does a genius look like? Ted McIlwenna, Engel's early mentor, and his porn collection.

all the time. If you would anyone in his right mind come out against condoms when infectious diseases have conclusively demonstrated their brilliance versus snuff. The position just seems odd. Is Engel some kind of magic bullet? Is McIlwenna mad? Does he want people dead?

"Chernomyrphosis," he says vaguely, oblivious to any concern. He repeats the word, ensuring the syllables clearly and distinctly like a hoarse stage actor. "Chernomyrphosis." The word resonates in his mind, as if amplified by some hidden device implanted in his chest. If McIlwenna were a world-renowned biologist, he could make a decent living doing snuff over work.

"Engel, to be specific," he continues. "It looks up a little and turns back if you're a snuff lover, that can be a problem. But in over ten years of testing and recommending it, I haven't had a single case of a person coming positive for a sexually transmitted disease."

Chernomyrphosis is the use of various substances, applied topically to the genital area, to prevent HIV/STD transmission. Such chemical warfare may seem like archaic

we don't know if it will be too percent effective. That's why I'm researching both vaccines and microbicides—it's the behind-the-scenes approach. Currently, we are spending too much money on the vaccine and not enough on prophylaxis." And while there are several new microbicides in various stages of development and testing, the one responsible for the most hope and controversy on the sex scene is nonoxonyl—the active ingredient in Engel.

Nonoxonyl was not originally created to save mankind. It does not grow hair. (That's moment.) AIDS researchers at the National Institutes of Health did not discover its properties. It was, rather, developed more than thirty years ago in a superglue plant that was, among other things, shipped to the growing suburbs in fifty-five-gallon drums and used to seal the bottoms of swimming pools.

Engel is made with nonoxonyl, a similar compound but with a slightly different molecular composition. It's essentially the same thing," McIlwenna says. "In fact, Engel used to be made with nonoxonyl. But I decided to switch to nonoxonyl when the heat from the FDA got to be too much to bear."

Why would anyone come out against condoms when AIDS has shown its brilliance versus man?



III. The government just complicates everything.

The FDA muddled in two like the porcupine. Ted McIlvenna is shouting. They told me that I couldn't call Erogel a spermicide. Couldn't call it a chemoprophylactic. Couldn't call it a personal lubricant.

His face is flushed. The eyes bulge.

Told them that Erogel was using lube. They said AIDS was a hormonal disease. They said, Let the sperm be killed. They then shut down the institute. They quit. In return, they allowed the institute to report and promoted the idea there would be alternative products on the market in five years.

Well, that was eight years ago!

They lied!

So now I'm talking!

The government just complicates everything. But first, a little background.

In addition to getting your pool spick and span, non-circled has long been efficacious as a spermicide. For the past few years, it has been used to coat condoms, though in concentrations too small to be of much use. The turning point for non-circled came in 1981, when the medical journal *Lancet* published the results of a clinical experiment demonstrating conclusively that non-circled-Q, which had begun to show its potency against STDs, effectively killed HIV in a test tube.

Subsequent non-circled tests with animals were also encouraging. Monkeys exposed to a "super strain" of HIV—one hundred times more potent than the normal strain virus—were protected with a foam that contained varying amounts of non-circled-Q.

But there was just one problem: The substance can be caustic when applied to human genitalia. In a study involving prostitutes in Kenya, subjects who were given vaginal suppositories containing one thousand milligrams of non-circled-Q suffered three times more genital ulcers and other irritations than the control group. Researchers feared that by damaging the vaginal lining, non-circled-Q seriously increased the risk of HIV infection. Manufacturers in America warn that a percent of all patients experience some type of irritation when they use products that contain non-circled-Q. But many suspect the figure is much higher. In one study, 90 percent of the subjects reported genital irritation. In another, a woman complained that the dose she received was so strong it "removed her pubic hair."

"The 4 percent figure is grossly understated," says Humphrey Cobb, the New York manager of Condoms, a national chain that stocks many non-circled-based products. "Every other customer who buys a non-circled lube complains later about irritation." McIlvenna says that using just plain non-circled-Q is "like dipping your cock in a box of Talc."

"You need something that will speed and cling to the genital mucosa," McIlvenna believes, delighting in his words. "Non-circled-Q? You need a gel? You need Erogel!"

Eroel McIlvenna's contribution to medical history. He



In the AIDC ROOM, SAKI IS KNOWN TO NAPPERS.

had been inspired by the promise of non-circled-Q as early as the late seventies and had set out to make the substance available to the world. The secret to Eroel is McIlvenna's special homopathic extract of green oats called *avena sativa*. It is this ingredient that acts as a buffer, lowering the acidity of the gel and preventing irritation to sensitive tissue.

Manufactured by Doc Johnson, a California-based company that specializes in sex toys, Eroel's distribution is limited to approximately twenty-five hundred adult bookstores around the country. This is mostly a cottage industry, with production limited to one thousand bottles per month. McIlvenna claims that he is the only person who knows Eroel's formula, and the customized homopathic tincture is made in stages by four different people in four different locations to ensure that it remains this way.

Now the reversal is on: a first-time basis with porn stars (most of whom only have first names), across prostitutes, and high-priced call girls and supply them all with free Eroel.

And he says that he's been conducting his own studies all along and has the documents to prove it. In copy the institute enrolled sixty prostitutes and porn actors in a "longitudinal" study of a precursor to Eroel called Forley McIlvenna says that the subjects were tracked for two years and that not a single one had contracted AIDS.

A woman who participated in the experiment and later said Eroel believes in McIlvenna's account. "It's quite amazing. Nobody who was in 'Red's story caught a single bug," says the woman, now a sex therapist in San Francisco. "I still use Eroel. After all these years, I've got a clean bill of health."

Brenda McIlvenna, the most outspoken proponent of Eroel is Judy Saker, the former president of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counsellors, and Therapists. "Eroel has the same neurological implications as the pill did in the seventies," she says. "The government doesn't want to hear that. Pharmaceutical companies don't want to hear that. And a large segment of the American public doesn't want to hear that. But it kills everything from government to HIV. I really believe in it." How much Saker doesn't believe. "I've reconsidered it to my regret."

"The consensus, based on evidence I've seen, that non-circled-Q reduces the risk of HIV transmission," says Dr. Kent M. Winkelstein, an epidemiologist at Harvard-Kaiser University in Tübingen, Germany. "There is even some evidence to suggest that it might be more effective than condoms."

So if Eroel is so great, why hasn't it been heard of? Entering to McIlvenna makes it all seem so obvious. The dark forces are against applied to him, the Centers for Disease Control, pharmaceutical companies, the religious Right, Republicans and, of course, the FDA.

"This is a multibillion dollar business," McIlvenna growls. "You don't think they're going to let me in without a fight, do you?"

If everybody had Eroel, he says, condom sales would plummet, the lucrative AIDS-drug market would have to

recoil to exist after a while because no one would test positive for HIV, and the AIDS-drug companies would not be able to recoup their research-and-development costs. Equally obvious to McIlvenna's eyes is the Centers for Disease Control. His mission that is refused to recognize Eroel is a legitimate weapon in the STD-fighting arsenal because it delays these hard-line abstinence-or-sterilize-a-glass policy.

McIlvenna senses that there are also religious forces lurking behind the scenes to keep Eroel off the shelves of Wal-Mart. "There has to be no doubt the product's spiritual and architectural properties that work to prevent efficacy, such as a spermicide," Eroel is not just about killing STDs," says McIlvenna dryly. "It's about killing babies."

Naturally, the FDA plays a big role in the Eroel cover-up. The product testing that is required is too expensive and time-consuming, and McIlvenna says that he would never submit to any partnership with the government. He says that FDA data are manipulated, the clinical trials rigged. "I'd never get involved with the government. Once you do, you're under their thumb. The government doesn't want people to have sex."

But what about the man who just needs to know if he should use Eroel? When asked for the results of his test, McIlvenna shrugs his shoulders. After a Latin prologue, he says that he is highly biased to protect the anonymity of the participants involved. "Publishing the results would compromise these people and their jobs," he tells McIlvenna, feeling his voice. "I can't be responsible for that. Will you cover the cost of what they had to do?" Later that day, I talk to Robert Ogilvie, president of Biomedical Pharmaceuticals, a California-based company who originally approached McIlvenna to conduct the Forley study. Ogilvie confirms that they started the research and that "everything was looking extremely good. But after three months, I pulled out. The AIDS epidemic was

non-circled-Q study at the institute. The spokesman says that the institute was never shut down. There has been no contact with McIlvenna for eleven years. No one at the FDA really knows much about him.



IV. What if the crazy man speaks the truth?

Optimism in the nation's mythology library, a woman named Irene Chang is poring over stacks of non-circled-Q literature. She is hoping to take Eroel to China. Discouraged by the

the borders in the United States, McIlvenna is looking to take Eroel global. Orders are coming in from South America, Western Europe, and South Africa. But the market that McIlvenna most covets is the Chinese: 1.2 billion people and skyrocketing STD statistics. Chang has done the math. She figures she can cover all research, licensing, and testing costs. If all goes according to plan, Eroel will hit Beijing by mid-1993. "The idea is to gain market share before competitors start ripping it off," she says. "I want to get rich and need to fail."

They might want to move a little faster. In November 1992, four FDA advisory committees jointly recommended non-circled-Q for use and efficacy against transmission of gonorrhea and chlamydia. And in 1993, the United Nations program on HIV/AIDS decided that a non-circled-Q contraceptive called Advantage 21 is safe for use as an HIV-resistant barrier. Human testing involving Advantage 21 is currently under way and is being called the definitive non-circled-Q study. And the health department of New York State currently recommends that in the absence of condoms, non-circled-Q be used.

A week after I leave the institute, I call McIlvenna with a follow-up question. He becomes enraged, his voice so loud

So why haven't we ever heard of Eroel? "This is a multibillion-dollar business," McIlvenna growls. "They're never going to let me in without a fight."

just beginning and I wanted to start the study again from scratch. The project has never been finished.

And what do McIlvenna's enemies have to say for themselves?

"Who is Ted McIlvenna?" asks Dr. Paul Robinson, a deputy director of the Health Administration in North Carolina. "We're not a national question. I've never heard of him, and I've been doing non-circled-Q research for over ten years. There's little, it's just not possible to find. The concept without a condom."

Anna Forbes, a Philadelphia writer and an AIDS-policy consultant, agrees. "McIlvenna makes me nervous. Non-circled-Q will never be as effective as a condom. It's simple logic. He's being exposed to the pathogens in the first place is always preferable to being exposed to it and then trying to get rid of it."

McIlvenna becomes livid when he hears this kind of talk. "It's an argument about who doesn't know what she's talking about," he says. "I did the research. She didn't. I know Eroel!"

Finally, I call the FDA to ask about the agency's national relationship with McIlvenna. A spokesman says that twelve years ago, the government warned McIlvenna about a flawed

study I have to hold the receiver around inches from my ear. "You don't believe me, so fuck off. I've finished with you!" he yells and slams the phone down.

I then call McIlvenna's colleague, Dudley Chapman, and tell him what just happened. "You have to watch out for what I call the 'Ted factor,'" he advises. "The Ted factor is that once you get beyond that, you realize the guy definitely has a hell of a good idea. He just gets carried away. Sometimes he embarrasses me. But I wouldn't be sorry about Ted hanging up on you. I'm his best friend, and he hangs up on me all the time."

Two days later, a package arrives in the mail. It's from the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. Inside are several bottles of Eroel and a note.

"Thank you for all of your interest. Your courage in talking about some of these issues will probably save a lot of lives. Best wishes, Ted McIlvenna."

I put down the note and pick up a bottle of Eroel, peering into the small plastic container at the clear goo inside. The preformation is rudimentarily understood, the possibilities enormous.

What if the crazy man speaks the truth?

THE
PERFECT
SHINE

When I ran into this guy from across town not too long ago. Had the shiniest dress shoes we'd ever seen. Like slick patent leather but on salaryman's cellophane. Asked him how he did it. He wouldn't tell us. Said it was his maternal grandfather's secret. Said maybe, just maybe, he'd write about it for us. If we paid him. Which we did. We didn't have a choice: These are his shoes there on the right. And this is his story.

"Morgan, son," my grandfather, Guy Wiggins, said to me years ago. "Only Congressmen, lawyers, copywriters, and middle managers wear unlaced shoes." Guy is a southern gentleman who speaks in life's great gasp. And like an other plant-speaking southerner, old president Truman, my grandfather was an artillery captain in the Army and not unfamiliar with having his boots in some dark places. But whether it was there on a private's backside, sunk into the red carpet of the First Baptist Church, or striding through the town square in Audubon, Alabama, my grandfather's stein gait shoes always sported his trademark shine. A squeaky-clean shine. A radiance. No a democracy. A luminous ray on which I'm prepared to shed a little light. All it takes to have shoes that sparkle like his is, worse, wax, polish, some old rags and cloth, and a strong and highly functioning elbow. Now pay attention.

Remove your shoelaces so that the tongue and eyelets can be shined. With a rag and the highly flammable chemical of your choice—Guy prefers kerosene—wax the shoes all day and all day.

This last step (a)—the key to the entire regimen—requires either a spray bottle or a can of kerosene (do not have enough spit). Open a tin of wax and shower it with water. That's right, the wax itself. The brand is irrelevant, just make it wet. Using a small, moss-covered brush—not a sponge; a cloth, or God forbid a "duster"—slather a generous hose coat of damp wax over the entire shoe. Don't be shy.

Now fold in half a dirty, worn rag that has been worked a dozen times or so. With both your index finger and your thumb, you line-up-the-finger-finger-fold-together, become,

drape the rag over and twist it around three, gathering the excess with your thumb. [This may sound overly complicated, but Guy insists that two fingers make a shoe.] Wet the cloth. Wet the wax. Wet the shoe. Now, with the rag, begin to apply more wax to the existing base. (a) Do not let it dry, the wax should remain moist. If your rag leaves little droplets of water, you have either too little wax or a crummy cloth. Continue this process, always applying more wax and paying particular attention to those creases where your shoe bends, until a moderate to high shine is achieved. (c) You may have to repeat this step many times (Guy has been known to spend a half hour on it), depending on the quality of your shoe leather. If scuffing and a haze develop, you're not using enough wax or water. (b)

Once you have created a substantial glove, dampen a plush, well-worn towel (think Hanes, not Nordi) and, with a rapid back and forth motion, buff the shoe to a brilliant shine. (d) Then, with an extremely soft, damp cloth (a sweatshirt would make out worse), finish the job, pressing lightly. After you've polished the edges of your shoes with liquid saddle and hair trim (Guy uses the stuff from a sponge bottle) and applies it with a discarded toothbrush, you have a pair of kicks with an unparalleled luster.

It's not as sophisticated as those carden-carving buffing machines. And it'll require more labor than the Army's expectations you time. But if you follow Guy's instructions precisely, you'll know those methods are a waste of elbow grease, because no other can surpass the results of the Wiggins Technique.

—MORGAN MORGAN

ANDY CALLES

All it takes to perfect the Wiggins Technique is water, wax, polish, some old rags and cloths, and a strong and highly functioning elbow.

A well-shined pair of cap-toed oxfords here-ups by Johnson & Murphy (J&M). For more information see page 114.



ESQUIRE FICTION

TOMMY
MASON HAD
A KNIFE
TOMMY
MASON TOOK
A LIFE.

Juliet

BY ELIZABETH MCCrackEN

We called the bunny who lived in the Children's Room Karper, as in Karper Houser, but the children who came to torment and visit it thought we meant the friendly ghost. That might have made sense if the rabbit had been white, but it was dusky-colored. It cowered in the corner of its cage while children stuck their fingers through the wire, they sang, Bunney bunney, bunney rabbit; they cried when their mothers informed them it was time to go, they'd see Bunney next time. Bunney, we suspected, prayed nightly to become a ghost. It never got out, never saw sunlight, it was never given a carrot or a chance to hop, it indulged in no laps pleasures at all. Mostly, it shook or slept, was care less about its hygiene. Mornings, it ripped its newspaper bedding in strips and drew them into its mouth in damp pleats, chewing and swallowing by inches. The children's librarians said this was normal, but we thought the bunny was



DURING
THE COURSE
OF THIS STORY,
TWO OF THESE
CHARACTERS
WILL DIE.

trying to overdose, using the materials nearby.

The six fridges, on the other hand, seemed happy as their occasional cage, and if the fish were unhappy, we couldn't tell. Maybe they were in the terrible privacy of their tank. The occasional dead would slip in through the net, swimming in front of the owner, and one woman brought her cat, left it sitting like a baby in the vestibule while she returned a video. "I am in a hurry," she told the circulation desk. "My cat is waiting for me." Also, once, a man found a wounded bird outside the library and brought it to the reference desk for identification. When he opened his hand to release the precariousity of its wingings, the bird took a notion to live after all and flew to the highest corner of the balcony up by the roped-off section from that gilded the reading room. The bird stayed there for days, among of the motion detectors at night. It never got close enough to be identified.

But that was a while, unless you counted the children's hours, often wild, not the adults, who couldn't bear to leave the library's side, but the tiny and eleven-year-olds who threw books off the balcony or along their sleepy legs on the tables, or slipped whenever they wished, like a bad joke, into the book drop. The book drop was a door built into the brick wall that opened like an oven. Each deposit fell into a closet behind the circulation desk. Snow in the winter, firecrackers in the summer, unopened bottles of Coke year-round. One weekend, a passing man mistook the book drop for a public toilet, and several books were discovered. "Lies is a lie," the head of circulation explained to her staff as she dropped a soldier's *Opfield March* Out into a wastebasket, but it was clear nobody believed this perfectly scientific fact, including her.

It was on this day, a Monday, that we first saw Juliet.

She was a young woman, late twenties, we thought, with long, loose dark hair. Her clothes were white, and at first we thought she was in uniform, a nurse, perhaps—the head of a sort of money look to her, sweet and determined and recently divorced. Or maybe she was from an unfamiliar order of nuns, because in our library we did get the occasional Sister. But it just turned out she wore white that day. Maybe she wasn't wearing white, maybe we just remember that now because in the picture we saw in *reflex*, later, she wore white. At any rate, there was something friendly and helpful about her. She stood patiently in the front desk, waiting for assistance. In front of her, a man filled out an application for a card; on the last marked opportunity, he filled in *employee*.

She checked a book in her hand in such a way that it looked like a knife she was prepared to use on herself, which is one of the reasons we ended up calling her Juliet. That, and her habit of leaning on the rail of the balcony that ran around the reading room, looking up instead of down, into the cloudy green of the skylight. Her book had that pebbly

leather's navy-blue grain usually found on *thames* and *give-away* fables. Are you returning that somebody asked her.

"No," she said. "No. It's mine. I just was never in here before, and I was wondering what you could tell me."

The rooms were pointed out to her—multicolored tiny, children's the other, adult library upstairs. She was offered a brochure.

"What about a card?"

What she wanted of the town? No. Had she had a card work up before? No. Did she have proof of address and a photo ID?

"Not with me," she said. "Next time, then. For now, I'll just look around."

We had regulars, of course, and they were demanding. People wanted not just books but attention and advice and, in the case of our window, the occasional man end to put offensively. We had two children's librarians, one a red-haired beauty post-up who came in with her girlfriend, who had wavy red whiskers on her chin and wore a T-shirt that said, *because I'm the worst*, that's what, the other a shy and girlish pre-pp who asked to change her name from Jonathan to Justin, the clerk of the dozens of bangles on her arm almost drowning out her Marilyn Monroe whisper. There was a woman with no opinions who never said a word and a pleasant, personable old lady who occasionally seemed to be protesting.

We had two women, mostly housewives who believed they could threaten our jobs and could not understand why we couldn't city employees weren't frightened. One blond man—his face as ruddy and pitted as a broken bill—screamed, "Where's the guy who wouldn't let my son take our books?" The guy in question was outside, obviously smoking a cigarette, and though the man was mumbled, clearly what he man really wanted was to punch someone.

The man's son, who looked just like him, though with a beautiful complexion, hadn't seemed at all disturbed or surprised by the delinquency of his library card. He was a shy kid who had to kick his lips several times to get his mouth to work, and then he'd said only, "Okay." It turned out he'd been checking books out for his grandfather, anyhow, the clerk at the desk told his father the kid should just bring in his grandfather's card.

We got asked for love advice and job applications, the whereabouts of relatives. "Did you see a girl?" a little woman asked, and the head of circulation would answer wearily, "You can't find a girl." One man called because he wanted to know whether his daughter, whom he had not seen in five years, had a library card she'd used recently.

"I'd like to see her again," he said and when he was told library records were confidential. "I think maybe she tried to call me a few years ago, but somebody just robbed me for

money, and it was like being raped."

When somebody like this called—like, for instance, the woman who wanted to know how to stop having bad thoughts—the circulation desk happily sent the person to reference, because, after all, it sounded like a job for a professional librarian.

The kids surprised us, coming back every day, clean, snatched. Usually, the people who showed up like that looked a little worse every day. She never did get that library card, but many of our most regular, most beloved patrons never did. Juliet favored the Children's Room. She became special friends with the children's librarian, a young woman who did everything as if she were reading a story, as if the end of her sentence contained a wonderful surprise, a beggar needed to be a last prince, a volunteer year no longer afraid of the dark. The children's librarian had no friends at the library. She wore blue pants and long black straps. Juliet smiled, listened to the librarian's notes, consulted her the day *Harriet Tubman* failed to show up for the Black History Month program. Once a week, they ate lunch together in the park in front of the building, where there were concrete tables with metal chessboards. Frequently, Juliet talked to the rabbit. The bunny eyed her with its usual unhelpfulness, another grubby pair of hands reaching into the cage.

Harriet Tubman gave our teenage bunny the willow.

In this the rabbit was not so different from the head of reference, who had been crumpled for so long his bad mood had turned to superstition, like a nurse who believed that the requests for addresses and assistance from the reference collection were akin to real healing. He was particularly sensitive of Juliet. Too sunny, that one, and the way she'd left, every single time, the worst something. She was for making an entrance, easily responsible, demanding, deadly reference question, one that would begin in the silence kept at the desk and then lead to encyclopedia, newspaper article, and finally some now-known reference book kept in the basement, a volume as dusty and curved as King Tut's tomb. Even then, there would be no answer.

"I don't want her," said the head of reference. "She wants something."

The other librarians bumped into one another behind the reference desk, trying to intercept patrons before they got to the head of reference, who claimed to be ignorant of any subject that sounded vaguely scientific.

We heard the big news slowly. There had been a murder. A woman. A woman from our town, killed by her own brother. A woman stabbed ten times, twenty, sixty three. It was as if the police were taking forever to examine the body and called up the local gossips to report. We found five more

wounds in the last hour. You could see the cops, turning the body over and over, looking for what was neither evidence nor cause of death—their died after her poor body had caught the back only a few ones—one cop with a pencil and white pad, making hash notes. They stopped at money—

A murder. We hoped for two things: that we did not know the victim and that the murderer did. Please, we prayed, though we never said those prayers aloud, let it be a husband, a boyfriend. We wanted to read in the paper last week, she had for a restraining order. Hadn't every murdered woman? None of the library staff had ever filed for a restraining order, except the assistant director, who'd

filed for one against his sister. That was entirely different.

And then, on the evening news, we saw her picture. Juliet.

It wasn't the usual *helen* victim snapshot the head that victim it seem as if the last thing the person did, before being off and going killed, was to smile, as elderly uncle with a camera. Juliet's picture—the one that appeared on all the newsreels, on the covers of all the papers—was clear and sharp and pretty. Her hair was dark. She was wearing a pale strapless gown. Depending on how the paper or channel cropped the picture, you could see the shoulder of her dress, wearing a white jacket and black bow tie. He was still alive. You didn't need to see any more of him. He wasn't a suspect.

Her name was Suzanne Cunningham. She was thirty-four. She was, in fact, divorced (we'd suspected) and had three children (we'd had no idea). The oldest, a boy, was fifteen, the two girls were nine and twelve. The children's librarian had known all of this, of course, but would not answer questions. In fact, she took several days off work after the murder, and we made a few dark jokes about how suspicious that must be. One of the reference librarians confirmed it: Suzanne Cunningham had once asked for a book that would tell her how to keep people out of her house. The librarian had asked. Anyone, Suzanne Cunningham answered. I think someone has been smothering into my house. So the librarian had found a crime-prevention book, which Suzanne Cunningham sealed it and set down on a table without making.

That made us feel better—a boyfriend, surely, or even a husband. You could see the cops, turning the body over and over, looking for what was neither evidence nor cause of death—their died after her poor body had caught the back only a few ones—one cop with a pencil and white pad, making hash notes. They stopped at money—

That made us feel better—a boyfriend, surely, or even a husband. You could see the cops, turning the body over and over, looking for what was neither evidence nor cause of death—their died after her poor body had caught the back only a few ones—one cop with a pencil and white pad, making hash notes. They stopped at money—



WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS THAT HE HAS A KNIFE, AND THAT YOU HAVE FRIGHTENED HIM.



her husband—but we wondered why the newspaper didn't say so. The book the carter'd it must be a diary—it must have clues. We wondered why the hadn't called the police. Someone steals into your house, you have to be worried, don't you?

Maybe not. Maybe you don't know that someone has been there—you just suspect. Nothing is broken or rearranged, so you have been reassured. That's part the lying, careless presence of someone who doesn't know how the house works. The back door has to be closed with both a knee and a shoulder, the kitchen faucet must be turned off with a wrench, mud must be brushed from shoes and the portable phone doesn't always want to hang up and the fridge door will float open if you aren't careful. And then one day, when the kids are with their father—thank God, as it turns out—you come home and surprise him in your kitchen. Maybe you've known all along who it was.

And maybe he even has a crush on you. That's the thing about crushes—sometimes they fly below radar, the way, in high school, when someone told you a boy had a crush, you could tell by the way he ignored you. The way he ignored you meant everything. A terrible word, *crush*—you could die from crushing, from having one, anyhow; you remember trying to make that meant the world to you and nothing, you were quite sure, to your beloved. Who knew what torments lay ahead to today, your own boy plays music that you can't imagine swinging to, your own boy is friends with this boy who is now in your kitchen, lifting his lips nervously to sip up his mouth. You know everything about this kid, a neighborhood baby, sixteen years old but enormous, big enough to gently swing a laughing five-year-old over his head without fear, an ideal boy who goes to the library to pick up books for his grandfather, at his pocket the grandfather's faithful *Mary Kay*, a part-time designer clerk, a good boy who loves his parents, whose parents love him.

What you don't know is that he has a knife, and that you have frightened him.

Sixteen-year-olds, though. We couldn't imagine it. Try it yourself—but your own knee aches, sixteen-year-olds. You'll give up, you'll rest, you'll make yourself sick.

Four days later they made the arrest. The accused was the blond boy whose father had come in screaming. Another library patron. We all knew him, too. Tommy Mason. The Masons were a big, famous family in our town. Tommy Mason's grandfather had been mayor once, back in the 1950s.

An altar boy, a good boy, a boy with a library card. Could such a boy possibly be guilty? He lived across the street from the dead woman. He had shaved her walk to the window, his mother had sold her mine to benefit it. He was good friends with Suzanne Cunningham's oldest child, Kevin. Kevin Cunningham had found his mother's body.

Within twenty-four hours, every library staff member who knew how to look up the accused's library record. Tommy Mason's card was in the library, only one missing: a single book called *Stepchildren*—no doubt for school. We looked at the record for the book *July*—the date, the author (Jill), the publication date (1992), the due date (May 4, 1994). We went on to know something. Those were the only ones we had.

We weren't supposed to do that, of course. We were supposed to be helped by ethics and privacy, but it felt as if

we could break them, the way that combatsmen, in certain extreme cases, is acceptable.

He was just in jail, and nothing could persuade the judge—also a parent, as it happened—to let him out on bail. Reports came down from the neighborhood and on the TV news. He and his Mason's father-in-law were interviewed in their kitchen. They swore that it was impossible, that there would prove them right. Ask anyone in the neighborhood: Tom was the best kid. He wasn't even interested in girls—why would he kill one? The Mason's hands were sworn to grip on the kitchen tablecloth, three fingers were the same pink, three hands a solid knot. Mr. Mason was calm and reasonable. We wondered whether Tommy Mason was taking the fall for his father.

The paper interviewed neighbors. Such a nice boy. There was something about him. He didn't have a temper. You know, he was off—he didn't have what you'd call animosity. He was shy. He was a loner. He was a disappointment. Sometimes he snored through someone's warnings.

Really, there was no great proof other than vague gossip. He really was, or had been, a good kid, and who knew? The book *July* had carried was discovered in her living room, it contained only sketches of her children. Maybe Tommy Mason's parents—and some of the people on the street, who'd already lost one neighbor—were right. Maybe Tommy Mason was innocent and the two men he and he can't bring the same—he said that when he was just a possible witness, interviewed by detectives—were at large, drowning of their perfect crime. A single perfect crime. The women was not raped, the house was not robbed, the door had not been tampered with.

Those were two bloody fingerprints, Tommy Mason's, in the other bloody, but not his blood. The police said that, and we believed them.

We remembered the screaming father, bright red with the idea well served. Tommy Mason anything, surely he turned that anger on his family. Tommy Mason stayed in jail, and people stopped believing he hadn't done it. Of course he'd done it. TV reporters were no longer interested in his parents' version of the story. One day, at a community picnic in the park, a Little League coach began his remarks, "With all the trouble in our neighborhood in past months..." and one of Tommy Mason's sisters was there. She went home to tell him, Mason, who answered and stood at the edge of the baseball field. Mrs. Mason was a small woman to have had such a big son, and she looked smaller, cut into diamonds by the chain link of the backstop. "You'll be sorry!" she screamed. She curled her fingers into the fence. "You'll see, my Tommy never did it. You know, you should!" Some people wondered whether they should go to her, say something comforting. But she scared them, making the backstop. Maybe she'd been climbing up it. People walked the other way. They wanted for her to stop.

And perhaps the never will. What can you do? Your son, your only boy—whether he killed somebody or not, though he didn't—he's lost to you. He never could have killed anyone. His sister never did. The sister never was. He was always remembered. He believes in God. And if—though he didn't—if he'd kill her, that's one life gone already. Her child used to live in your house, and he has been taken from you, and all you can hope for is that eventually he will be returned. He will already be ruined. The best you can hope for is your ruined boy back in your house.

Tommy Mason—no matter what—has no doubt already been ruined. The newspaper refers to the Tommy Mason Case, not the Suzanne Cunningham Murder. In fifty years, neighborhood kids will choose lockable rooms with dyes and Tommy Mason, not knowing exactly who that was Tommy Mason had a knife. Tommy Mason took a life. How Many Times Did He Steal It? YOU.

You better be good, or Tommy Mason will get you

The children's librarian was inaccessible. Her mind wandered, her story-times made no sense, she forgot the words to "The Wheels on the Bus." She also forgot to feed the rabbit, who died a week later. The cage had to be covered with cloth so the children wouldn't peep in. The rabbit lay in state all morning, all someone from the CPW could come and have it away.

"You know," said the children's librarian to the head of cataloging that day, she told me, "I've had a good life. I did summer, I'd have no regrets." The head of cataloging started shaking. The rabbit and no such thing.

"Seasons," said the children's librarian. "I don't care about the rabbit. I'm talking about Suzanne."

Which, when the news made its way around the library, struck us as stupid. She had children who grieved for her—she'd lost regret enough? How could anyone, anyone, Jerry Jakes, with her book and her dark hair and her three untraps, forever-damaged children, think that if she had to do the summer, she wouldn't read? We thought perhaps she had lost her life through confusion and disappointment. We wouldn't be so free with our own loss. The difference is, no one has ever wanted ours.

Did he love her? We had encyclopedias of love, anthologies of love poems, notebooks on abstract psychology. All useful. The newspaper wrote and that he believed nothing, including love. "He's scared," said his lawyer. We never heard him speak, and maybe we never would.

The letter head of reference and newspaper articles, right, that he'd ever distressed Jakes. At risk, he had dreams of Suzanne Cunningham standing in the reading-room hallway. He now himself pursuing her things like a shy snail's pace across of argument, rare sex, the bear reviewed books. Anything to see her back.

The library was dead. Perhaps the children's librarian had killed it, she also killed the rabbit was simply old, and she was the only one who knew anything about rabbits. That day with the bunny beneath its desk, we thought we should have a funeral behind the library, or by the staff parking. We could have a something obnoxious and useful, a children's program on death. Didn't parents always bury you with a small lecture, a read-up eulogy, a member story played

on a hand held to the newly like a trumpet? Maybe—"It's a fucking rabbit," said the children's librarian, in full bearing of Pre-school Arts and Crafts. "It doesn't stand for anything." Then she sighed. "I'll miss Jessica," she said. Jessica? She must have meant Jakes. Jessica, she said. "Jessica Rabbit."

Tommy Mason had three sisters who looked like him, all of whom seemed to be about the same age, twins or fraternal twins or a combination of both. They were tall and blond and had beautiful skin with rosy, radiantly cheeks, and with white teeth. They started coming back to the library with the grandfather's car. He still needed money.

For a while, they started day. Then one started coming in week after week. She was a thin girl, the oldest Mason kid, someone said. Perhaps twenty years old. Pretty. Her father—like Suzanne—but pale, a minor misgiving. They could have been identical pictures in an old coloring, or sisters on a soap opera, even though Suzanne Cunningham had been years older. Tommy Mason's sister carried the grandfather's library card and never spoke to anyone.

Sometimes, we loved her. She seemed honest, though we never heard her voice, she nodded when we nodded at her. We almost forgot who she was, the same way we almost forgot that Suzanne the medical teacher had once been a nurse.



A DEAD PERSON IS LOST PROPERTY. WHAT YOU OWNED WILL NEVER BE RETURNED TO YOU.

Ours had been a fine building until the mid-90s, when it had the misfortune of being introduced to the wrong sort of architect. He knocked down the grand marble staircases that had led from the entrance to the reading room, and sealed off the first floor from the upstairs; he installed coarse brick walls and staircases that were only staircases, only transportation. It was possible for the people who worked in the first floor department—children's, circulation—to go days without seeing their upstairs colleagues.

So the day the children's librarians went up to reference and ran into Tommy Mason's sister might have been the first day the two had met at all. Circulation knew her well, reference saw her as she deliberated among

the mysteries. The children's librarians rarely left her room, its papers, its jigsaw puzzles. Somehow she had taken over finding the fiction and the fish.

She recognized Tommy Mason's sister from news reports or neighborhood gossip, the scandal for a while, concerned the identity with the head of reference. No name in answering, he thought.

Tommy Mason's sister was in the mysteries, because that's what her grandfather had said. Maybe he needed to read them especially now, to know that readers happened in that way. Someone was killed, and there were clues and an explanation, and in the story and a madman or better wife was led away, and nobody but the reader stays. She [continued on page 112]

I Wanna How I mastered the moguls, step by step

Like Donna

Skiing moguls is a bit like juggling down a set of stairs. With a few differences. And no sparring. But not down the longest, tallest, most vicious set of stairs you can ever imagine, and at every step your feet dive into snowy bumps and your knees and thighs are propelled toward your chest, leaving someone tackling the bumps of a former crushing parent on your side. The best moguls are two halves of an improbable whole: a floating torso, stiff and tall, and legs that pump like pistons in a Catalina.

In twenty years on the slopes, I've learned a lot of moguls—and for good reason. They don't add a pounding to your knees, your shins and wear you up. There's nothing as disarming as a full-on opponent co-swinging down the slope, limbs flailing, skin uprooted, then sideways then backward, before you finally crash to hell.

So I've arranged for a lesson with Dennis Weinbrecht, the 1994 Olympic gold medalist in freestyle moguls, at Timberline, on a glacial snowfield eighty-five hundred feet up Mount Hood. The first woman to win this event, Donna, thirty-two, isn't here just to show how her turns far surpass the a yanking barrel, and her muffled right knee, an "arm," the enormous jumps that Olympic competitors pull off twice during each run.

I'd thought that after getting some pointers I might launch into a daffy one of those giant aerial flips, but on a few warm-up cruises in the foggy Grogan basin I am having trouble just controlling my feet on

the ground. The mogul field—two hundred yards of compact ruts and bumps, descending at an irregular 25-plus degree pitch—seems purposely designed to snuff out my Warren Miller film fantasies.

Donna asks me to take a run through the bumps, my way. I slip over three seven rogues, flying off the peak of one and smacking onto the top of the next. Each one

Cruising through the troughs, I feel a new efficiency in my motion. My legs thrust and recoil in rhythm like Bilstein shocks.

part is worrying that my left wing together. Pounding down, I try to maintain good form. Knees wet, knees glued together, body rigid, but so I gather speed. I hear I look less like Tommy Lince than like Larry Corby or Mike. Soon I lose my balance, and I'm hooked out of the line.

Donna then gives me a taste of pro mechanics. A piece-size powerhouse, she

doesn't pound through the bumps, she breezes through them with an undulating smoothness. Her body is still and calm, and she has a controlled ease that makes it seem as if her mother gave birth to her in the middle of this snowy drizzle.

"What's the key to being so solid?" I ask. "Over using my quads," she says.

Donna's demeanor is friendly, with a no-nonsense edge. Like a friend of your older sister, she tells you that you need a new helmet. After a few stories, she lets me have it.

"Safe but this flat," she says. "You can take it in the bumps, but whenever you do swing in the flat is going to be ten times worse in the moguls."

Suddenly I'm twelve years old again, in school, shivering and struggling to learn the basics.

On the beginner's hill, Donna shows me the key to her undulating motion: backpedaling. As you start your turn, you drag your downhill leg, the one closest to the wall, and pull the shovel of the ski taking the wave. With your weight on your uphill foot, you thrust through the turn, dropping your downhill heel, but your feet are even with the back of the uphill foot. Done correctly this step feels as though you're cradling your feet back and forth, like a cradle, or doing a sit-on-mountain. It's a crucial motion that improves your control, cuts the chatter, and shows you how to move in the lift line.

I get the feel of it by traversing. I pull my bottom foot one foot length behind its uphill partner, starting the backpedal, then I steer outside (plant pole, step, and glide into a turn) and repeat this shuffle going the opposite way. When I can pedal on both sides, Donna tells me to "roll from turn to turn," absorbing the turning pressure with my hips. After an eternity on the

help Hands-on in the off-season: Run each summer by the coaches of America's and Canada's World Cup mogul teams, the **World Mogul Camp (503-644-4559)** offers four weeklong sessions of on-snow and in-class instruction. In its eleventh year at Blackcomb in British Columbia, the camp is open to the public, with Olympic gold medalists, including Donna Weinbrecht, and top World Cup skiers as instructors.

bunny slope, I finally get it and I'm riding down the snow like butter over an upturned wallflower.

Before I can take the bumps I have to remember these machines require big eyes. Over and over, Donna has me slide off the crest of one bump through the trough, and stop on the next bump. Turn, stop, stop. Sliding my arms down into each basin is humiliating. I'm going at the pace of the day's class on tilted up-pipes and snow-covered vests. But while my girls may be hurting, my technique isn't. My legs aren't jacking around, and my ski curves leave the snow before I know it. I'm at the bottom.

"Wow," says Donna. "But where were you

looking? And where were your hands?" That's why I went so far, two seconds away from losing it straight at them.

Keeping my head up requires a whole different skill. Donna stands twenty yards downhill, poles in the air. As I fall into each turn, I have to call out whether the rises or lowers hit me. When I can hold on the pole changes while still moving smoothly I'm ready for more than one bump at a time.

Cruising through the troughs I feel a new efficiency in my motion and a huge improvement in my depth of vision. My legs thrum and nod in rhythm like if I draw clouds and my eyes are focused so far downhill that I wouldn't notice if I slid

over the freshly discovered remains of the Gnomes. I build up a good head of steam, and a smile creeps across my face. Then, with an audible pop and scrape, I start to topple and stagger step to a halt.

"You got too stiff," Donna says as she skis up.

Nonetheless, I'm still smiling. I feel as though I've been transported into a far better start's body. When Donna asks if I'm ready for one more run, I actually start to doubt. But as I come down off my endgrip and feel my spine join, I decide to call it a day. I'll pass my lack in the back lodge with Tombs on the Alpine Excursion game and a tall, cold adult beverage. —GIA ADAMS

The Easy Way Down

Hands out, head up: The uphill heel is slightly raised, finishing the backpedal; your weight is on the turning ski.



Hitting the bump: Plant pole and shift weight to both skis. As you hit the crest, absorb the impact with knees and thighs.



Look three bumps ahead: Point your body straight down the fall line; think about the next set of moguls, not the last one.



Finding the trough: Lift the downhill heel off the snow, draw the ski back, and reach for the next bump with your opposite hand.



Winning the Cold War

Field report: I'm in deep—in a crevasse, that is—on a powdery snow of dry death, as still as the farthest reaches of Siberia.

Though danger is my business, your death is mine. I'm dangling forty feet from this natural event, looking by two climbing ropes and a harness that's separating my dream of riding the alpine child. Inevitably, help, waiting like my team to haul me up over the side like a stoned, over-charged—Thank God I'm in the Clicker.

If you're looking to conquer cold weather, the Clicker is a snap. What, it's not? Skiing specialists have developed a sophisticated step in binding systems for traveling alpine off-road cyclists and snowboarders. The Clicker is a snap-on device that's perfect on snowboard and just introduced on ski. The Clicker is a snap-on device that's perfect on snowboard and just introduced on ski. The Clicker is a snap-on device that's perfect on snowboard and just introduced on ski.

Clicker-friendly boots: you'll be able to make soft switches—on snowboard, for ascending powdery inclines of up to 30 degrees.

Clicker is a snap-on device that's perfect on snowboard and just introduced on ski. The Clicker is a snap-on device that's perfect on snowboard and just introduced on ski. The Clicker is a snap-on device that's perfect on snowboard and just introduced on ski.

The Clicker works like a full-footed ski pole. You clip a steel shank on the side of the boot into the binding's toe hole, then step down into the heel lock.

With the flip of a lever for the turn of a crumpled bag, you're out of one binding and ready for the next. There are no less than 10 steps to disengage the Clicker. In fact, you can get the lever of the Clicker, you don't even have to disengage the Clicker. In fact, you can get the lever of the Clicker, you don't even have to disengage the Clicker. In fact, you can get the lever of the Clicker, you don't even have to disengage the Clicker.



Crumpers: the newest Clicker component for the complete cold-warrior.

Backcountry Briefing

Whether you're a backcountry enthusiast looking for proper equipment or a casual rider, take a minute to familiarize the safety (and the old) part of your gear. If you're only going out of bounds in a ski area, know the basics of ski and CPE. Never go solo. And carry a transceiver with fresh batteries in case you need rescuing.

To avoid not just a fall, but a fatality, it's important to know the basics of ski and CPE. Never go solo. And carry a transceiver with fresh batteries in case you need rescuing. To avoid not just a fall, but a fatality, it's important to know the basics of ski and CPE. Never go solo. And carry a transceiver with fresh batteries in case you need rescuing.



CHARLES MARTINEZ

By Cal Fussman

My Closest Shave

You're going to look like I?!

It's not as easy as you might think, becoming The Perfect Man.

I don't want to sleep with an alien!

Yes, women will love it if you stop in the middle of life and have and take the time to learn to speak better and listen better and walk better, too.

Your car will seem glazier!

but you must remember one thing: When you're married, you're playing with fire.

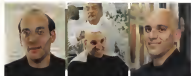
If I'd met you like that, I never would have looked at you!

Because, believe it or not, there are certain aspects of the old you that you've loved and for which she selected you over

At first, I swore it had nothing to do with [Michael] Jordan. But the more I thought about it, the more it seemed to go in the same root. He was going bald, as I was. He didn't cut back and let nature take his hair away. I shaved it off and you're in charge. It's an act of will and defiance—the sheer force that I projected Jordan to rise above other men. Guaranteed, he'd never have won a single scoring title if he'd attempted the proportionate comb-over.

Anyway, I knew this perfect shave was destiny when a pal of mine, a basketballer named Jay Kari mentioned that he had to run because he had an appointment with the most amazing barber in the world.

"Where? Who's that?" I said.



What I heard myself saying, what Clemente did to me, what I look like at my next haircut.

a 10 billion other men on earth. That hit me as I walked off a plane while she and my children awaited me, after I'd ignored her pleas and done it. Did I have the right to resist my fate? How much of the old me did I even her?

Don't do it, Cal! Clemente said!

I passed at the gate and ran my hand across my head.

That's my hair!

There was only one place where there used to be hair.

Well, what choice was there? What I was doing my life to the pursuit of perfection. The very morning, I'd see the stars did me the mirror I needed, a symbol, a look that would announce that I was stripping myself naked and rebuilding from a new base in that I needed a perfect shave.

anized the lay of my face like golden looking over a silky green. Men who would hold up a straight razor under their chin/their father and, with a precise movement, tap a single hair off the crown.

Then I came back to America. Barbers from the old country were dying off. Aitch!—it was a risk to use a non-American razor. I bought a Gillette and the truth is, I did. I had my head look in Clemente's seat, I'd forgotten what had been lost. I was many men, I'd come to see the daily shave as a waste of precious time rather than a joyful time in itself.

Suddenly I felt the ancient Italian clipper shearing the hair at the back of my neck. Open was in the air. Father and strong towels soaked my skin. Like so many others in that chair, I felt my spirit grow heavy. The clip of which I'd used to stroke my cheeks, then the top of my head. Smooth as a baby's butt, hold on a hold. I can't say whether it was how I looked or how I felt, but the man in the mirror was ten years younger than I.

It wasn't my wife whom I first saw when I stepped out of the airport tunnel! But my three-year-old son. He ran toward me as I walked in the air and said, "Do you play basketball?"

When I laughed he jumped into my arms and screamed, "I want a Michael Jordan haircut!"

Then I looked over my wife's shoulder. My wife was white. This was especially scary because she is Brazilian, and for the previous three decades, her skin had been the color of caramel. She tried to smile but couldn't.

"Hey!" I tried to cheer her. "What about that Brazilian song—'For caracota you also get some milk?' When I like bald men best."

"It must have been written by a bald man."

I wouldn't quite call it a bald man, but basically, the boycotted my hair. Would it touch it, walked away with it, asking her to shave the difficult-to-reach spots. Then resolved to check for patches I

treat your face

What to do when Clemente won't see you

1. Simply the best option in the world—to your face—the illustrated direction to give Gillette shaving foam from the French invention (3-4) Gillette's best.
2. If you like live gardening, you can use a straight razor, as Clemente does. But the pros tell you that the market beats the Gillette's (5-6) (4, 10).
3. Clemente says that shaving gets much easier better than others. Clemente also got it (4) works attached with very little pressure.

might have missed in the end my children saved me. Each parenting day my wife watched my eight-month-old daughter climb onto my shoulder and rub my head against me. I'd told her I had a "Waterside" hair. My son kept bowing for a place in Clemente's chair. Neighbors and local waitresses openly admired my pale. My mother-in-law.

Finally my wife realized that she was the only person in the world who looked at me as a friendly soul and that was just too lonely a place to be.

"Okay I can talk with you. And go out to

public," she said. "But I don't know if I'm ready to sleep with you."

"Ohhh," I said. "What a shame for you! A shame for me! What do you mean?"

"Because that's not to change entirely too."

One of her replies was:

"What are you talking about?"

"Sorry. You're not interested. Guess you'll never find out."

"Call me at 11:11."

"Sorry, dear, man's the word. Next month, The Perfect Man leaves tomorrow."

The Original Chemical Cocktail

Do you remember the first time you dipped green tea out of a Chinese jar provided level in Chinese restaurant? I don't think so. But I do remember the first time you dipped a whole range of beautiful chemical dyes, but so-called the Lerner-Miller, professor of medicinal chemistry at the University of Kansas, green tea contains especially high quantities of what he has identified as the most powerful of common antioxidants. These substances maintain the body's free radicals—metabolic by-products that, left in the blood, can damage genes, DNA, causing or exacerbating cancer and degenerative diseases.

The antioxidant in green tea—epigallocatechin gallate—has been found only in that plant. Although it's not as strong as a hundred times as effective at soaking up free radicals as vitamin C, and twenty-five times more powerful than vitamin E. Green tea, which is immediately steamed and dried upon being harvested, contains much more of this good stuff than black or oolong tea, which are allowed to ferment and oxidize, neutralizing many of their antioxidants.

Just how much better water is you want to get lost in China and Japan, where people are the least likely to get cancer of the digestive organs. In fact, it's about a billion of these semi-lethal chemicals, (it's not a significantly low incidence of degenerative diseases than in the West. But drinking even a cup or two is probably better than nothing. How much do you feel up to trying this? —BRIAN DOCKENHEIM



By Michael Segall

Shopping to Kill

The pain of being a hunter in a gatherer's world

sometimes, if he's had a particularly gaudy week "beating balls," as he refers to his lavalier profession, my friend Alan will head out Friday night to the Super Bowl and load up his Range Rover with chicken kebabs, chips, and Sam Lee. Within twenty minutes he's resolved his family's culinary consumption for the week. Okay. I find it ironic, therefore, men say down him as any unassuming retiree. "Haha, there for a buck! Virginia has one really nice a pound!" There's a background rattle of shopping bags. He can't wait to tell me.

Alan and I like to shop—for food. We belong to that minority of men who, according to market to surveys, like to think of themselves as good providers and, in case there are any doubts, literally bring home the bacon to prove it. This happy pursuit is perhaps unique in its ability to totally confound evolutionary psychologists who keep the resident feminist happy while introducing a truly male instinct. For food shopping is hunting—well, a little gathering, too—but with an enlightened, New Man kind of twist. No one gathers.

Unfortunately, when stalking clothes, according to a new study of men's and women's shopping habits, we deploy the same strategy. Task oriented to a fault, we perceive the danger on game preserve. (Bloombergdale's, say), stalk and bag our quarry in blue skirt-kilt attire and sneak out fast. According to the study's author, Michael Goff, a professor of communications at USC, we are "a species of clothes hoppers. Two needs help: we buy the first one we see. Problem solved."

This strategy, though, is hard on our wallets. Goff found that we spend far more money in far less time than our female counterparts—often on stuff we'll never wear after our wives examine it. It's particularly counterproductive when

we're shopping for gifts. Again, not only do we spend far more than women do, but one out of every six of our gifts is returned. Call me sexist, but when a boss wife tells her secretary to do his Christmas shopping for him, he's doing every one a favor.

Women, by contrast, develop a "plan" for buying wisely and effectively. They'll methodically troll through Bergdorf's, Saks, and Macy's in their spare moments with an eye toward scoring on the week-

endings. Can you imagine asking your best buddy to spend Saturday afternoon with you at Macy's?

Even if he agreed, it might blow open the friendship. The subject of "Tuesdays" shopping is that it helps us avoid the hard questions: Who are all these people who "fit" the fashion and markets you choose to hang on your existence are the first signals to the world, particularly to women, of how you regard yourself. Are you cosmopolitan, hip, and successful or provincial, dirty, and underwhelmed? Always to self-reflection anyway you corner the existential question by making a quick, thoughtful purchase—or fleeing the store in a panic.

So we ask women—who not only are skilled at fabricating an image but we keep clothes trunks—to make the hard decisions for us. Goff found that we spend twice as long shopping when helped by a female sales clerk and are suckers for her prices. Why? She's answering the question for you. That said, you just don't want to know, because she's a member of the gender you're trying to impress.

The downside is that having disavowed the compliments, we've ended up at a sales staff app called the "commitment tactic." Once you decide to buy the black suit, the sales clerk knows you're a goner for all the accessories. Swept up in the exotic mating ritual, you can't help but show off. Money is no object for me, as long as I look good. Plus you're thinking if I buy all this stuff now, I may never have to shop again.

That's one reason our wives march off to accompany us on our jockeying missions to Macy's to fix up our uniforms. At the least, they'll safeguard the family coffers.

At best they might get us to talk about our feelings.



And, in an emergency, they can be focused shoppers, but more commonly they rely on their second shopping gear—recreation—while it's characterized by the kind of endless wandering and idle chatter it's often done with a friend that can provide severe gastrointestinal crises in men who are forced to accompany them. For our communally minded gatherers, chasing the mall is an opportunity to deepen their friendship and share their

How to use your head to grow back your hair.

Clinical research proves it: Dr. Lewenberg's Formula® regrows more hair faster. Results in just 3 months.

It's just common sense! Look at the facts and it's easy to see why you should try **Dr. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA®** now. It's the first treatment medically proven to regrow normal hair. Plus, it's far less expensive than surgical or non-medical alternatives and far more effective than using plants, old-fashioned minoxidil alone.

The Formula
Dr. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA® is a unique mixture of amino acids and tretinoin (Retin-A) blended as a safe, easy-to-apply hair spray. It's far more effective than minoxidil alone because tretinoin rejuvenates your skin, improving absorption, helping to reverse even frontal baldness. And, its anti-DHEA testosterone action encourages growth of new hair and improves the quality of

your existing hair which makes maintenance easier and less expensive.

The Proof

Nearly 90% of patients who apply Dr. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA® show "visible—and even cosmetically significant—improvement in hair quality" after just three months with over 85% of patients starting to grow normal hair within that period.

That's the major finding of an article published in the highly respected medical journal *Advances In Therapy*® (Oct. '96).

The article also reported:

- ◆ 92% of patients—even women—who used the Formula for 3 to 5 years grew "beautiful, normal hair" or showed "marked hair growth" improvement.

◆ Patients who tried other treatments and failed to grow hair, began regrowing their own normal hair within months of switching to Dr. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA®.

The Man

Dr. Adam Lewenberg is a highly trained and experienced physician who has successfully treated thousands of patients—men and women—for hair loss problems. He was one of the early pioneers to use minoxidil in the fight against baldness, but noticed that results were most often disappointing. That's what led to his work to find a more effective treatment—and to Dr. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA®.



It's Your Call

If your hair is thinning, you can earn the safe quality—and it's just three months. Call Dr. Lewenberg now for a free telephone consultation.

TOLL FREE: 1-888-HAIR-133

Or visit him on the Internet at: <http://www.hair133.com>

As seen on TV's "60 Minutes" and other TV news reports!

Start the Year Small

the January effect declares that small-company stocks will bounce the blue chips during the first two weeks of January.

It is not supposed to work this way in an efficient market, there should be no consistently recurring anomalies. A predictable phenomenon must eventually attract sufficient attention to make it stop occurring. If, for example, stocks with higher symbols that spelled English words consistently outperformed others in the fourth quarter, investors would soon buy enough to drive up the price to where that gain would be offset by the higher price.

The January effect has been discussed in scholarly circles for at least fifty years, and it was brought to wider attention in 1975, in an influential article in the *Journal of Financial Economics*. So why the hell does it continue to work?

Darned if I know, but there's little doubt that it does. Two professors of finance at UC Irvine, Robert A. Haugen and Philippe Jorion, looked at data from 1926 to 1993 and found that big stocks performed better in January than in other months, but the smallest stretch of compa-

nies did more than twenty times better than the largest tenth.

There are some interesting theories about why this disparity persists. Mutual-fund managers who believe in the long-term prospects of a small stock that's had a rough year might sell it in December so the tapered drift on the year-end books. Rebuying in January would then boost the price. Others may sell poor-performing stocks at year's end to offset capital gains for tax purposes. Still others might want to lock in gains to trigger journal bonuses.

According to market theory, the January effect should occur earlier and earlier as investors start buying in anticipation. By rights, it should then vanish. That hasn't happened. As Haugen says, "This thing's been around for over a hundred years, and it isn't going away." It'll be more pronounced in some years than in others and may not even occur at all in any given year. Still, the January effect is about as close to a look-as-it-behaves stock market. So if you're thinking small, think fast.

Financial Instruments

If your New Year's resolutions include a pledge to get a better handle on your finances, here's an idea:

As a Quicken devotee (some would say addict), but I don't see anything every-where. I've long scoffed at Microsoft's competing product, Microsoft.

Money! But when the Federal Reserve released a one-pound chocolate bar with its new financial suite financial sweet, got RTT, it had its intended effect. I sampled the software. I'm ready to report that it's pretty damn good. The old software was chunky, inelegant, and far too dependent on its

extended-checkbook metaphor. But that's the Microsoft way—release a shoddy product, then relentlessly market its frequent improvements. This new suite is easily navigable and so cluttered with features that one could probably run the Federal Reserve without additional software. Among the nifty-o-balls and whistles: a goal planner with personal "what if" scenarios, a monthly wrap-up generator, and seamless integration with Microsoft's investment Web site.



Dubious Investments

Weying retirement, that their \$50,000 would quickly turn into much more after he leveraged it in inner city real estate. **Disreputable practices**

Elaine Garwood, having made her south-sider name by producing the crash of '32, had become something of a celebrity investor in July 1996, the newsletter writer and former Urban Southern star warned investors to bail from the market. Stocks were about 30 percent below the famed bull in January 1997. Her call to buy was immediately greeted by a market that dipped 2 percent in just a few days, including a nearly four-point tumble the day she changed her tune.

Richard Gelb, a specialty instructor at Harvard, also puts out a newsletter, "Richard Gelb's Strategic Investing." Sadly, his model portfolio has been strategic only if you've invested it. While the SP 500 returned 41 percent for twelve months ending in September, Gelb's picks, according to "The Hultman Financial Digest," have lost 35 percent. And while we're talking newsletters, we must mention the "Futures Hedging Manual Fund Times," whose asset-allocation portfolio sank a kidney-grabbing 56 percent. It's been another year in the doghouse for Pido. Though many of its subscribers funds have put a dividend loss, 1996 left them, Pido's investment continues to shrink. Its biggest loss last summer was 18.6 percent. Pido's equity fund paid more than \$1 billion for twenty-five million shares of the Idaho chip maker (as in microchips, not potato chips). After acquiring the shares at an average price of \$40, Pido watched the price slip to the mid-30s. Pido's equity fund paid more than \$1 billion for twenty-five million shares of the Idaho chip maker (as in microchips, not potato chips). After acquiring the shares at an average price of \$40, Pido watched the price slip to the mid-30s.

Pido's equity fund paid more than \$1 billion for twenty-five million shares of the Idaho chip maker (as in microchips, not potato chips). After acquiring the shares at an average price of \$40, Pido watched the price slip to the mid-30s. Pido's equity fund paid more than \$1 billion for twenty-five million shares of the Idaho chip maker (as in microchips, not potato chips). After acquiring the shares at an average price of \$40, Pido watched the price slip to the mid-30s.

ROBERT KORMAN

Dependable. Attractive. Smart.

ESQ Luggage Collection, the perfect traveling companion.

- **Thoughtful**—22" and 26" uprights have a garment bag that can be removed and hung in closet. Also includes accessory mesh, shoe pockets, removable wet pockets.
- **Easy going**—In-line skate ball bearing wheels. Sturdy pull-up bars with comfort grips. All bags except 26" qualify as carry-on with most airlines.
- **Great looking**—Accented with leather trim and manogram patch. Handsome interior lining. Locks and over-stitch centered zipper pulls.
- **Great build**—Lightweight yet remarkably sturdy. Made with true ballistic nylon and interior honeycomb frame. Reinforced corners resist tears, scuffs and scratches.
- **Forever faithful**—Comes with a lifetime warranty.

• **Expandable compartments give you up to 35% more packing space when needed.**

A. 751796
ESQ Aco-A-Bag \$49.99
B. 751800
ESQ 22" Upright Saker \$109.99
C. 751799
ESQ 21" Club Bag \$109.99
D. 751805
ESQ 24" Garment Carrier \$109.99
WITH AVAILABLE 20% OFF
751801
ESQ 24" Upright Saker \$109.99
FREE
ESQ Aco-A-Bag (\$49.99 value)
WITH \$399 PURCHASE

TO ORDER CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-759-6292
Dept. EQ181



Or send check or money order to:
Esquire Luggage Collection
P.O. Box 40621, Dept. EQ181
San Mateo, CA 94404-0621
Please add \$6.95 shipping & handling

Precision Crafted Travel Products

ESQ



credits

[illegible]

The Perfect Match, p. 38: John J. Murphy (top) and John J. Johnson (bottom) are Murphy's two sons. Northwestern select sons of Daniel's select sons.

Photographs & Illustrations

Cover Art: *Stannis/Globe Photos*; *Blair*
Red/Globe Photos; *Tyler Tink/Globe*; *Justin*
on Quinn Russell; *James Van Der Beek*
on Justin; *Tyler Tink/Globe Photos*; *Marshall*
McAuliffe/ABC; *Phil DeGuara*; *Information/ABC*
USA; *led*; *Applewhite/Sigma*; *Griffith Wild-*
wood/ABC Photos; *Musick/Museum/ABC*
Joe Paterno; *McKelley*; *EW/ABC*; *Chase/Two*; *Five*
Stars; *Spidey/Globe Photos/Globe Photos*; *Kennedy*
Wynne/Sigma; *Kennedy*; *Damon/Daily News*
and News/Sigma; *McCarthy*; *Reynolds/Globe*
Photos; *Duffy*; *Stamm/ABC*; *Charles*; *Four*
Stars; *Thompson*; *Copper/Globe Photos*; *Close*
Barbieri/ABC USA; *led*; *News*; *UPN*
Kennedy; *News of Connecticut*; *1*; *Industries*

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

New Study Reveals Improved Sex Lives From The Better Sex Video Series.

A new university study* found the majority of study participants who watched and discussed **The Better Sex Video Series** experienced significantly improved sex lives as a result. The findings were quite remarkable.

- 84% of women and 82% of men reported experiencing positive changes in foreplay, intercourse, oral sex, and masturbation
- 48% of women and 45% of men reported experiencing more intense orgasms

It may seem hard to believe that just these 50 minute videos on sex and sexuality could make such a dramatic difference in the sex lives of these normal American couples. But maybe it really isn't so remarkable. The work of sex therapists and human sexuality experts over the past several decades has consistently revealed that more information about sex, more open communication about sexual matters between partners, and greater sexual intimacy resulting from their knowledge are the keys to more intensely pleasurable sex lives.

And these are exactly the things that **The Better Sex Video Series** addresses and makes possible. Over one million copies of the tapes we already been sold to couples all across America who are enjoying one pleasurable and more intimate sex lives as a result.

To start down the road to a better sex life, place your order today. All orders are accompanied by a FREE video: "Advanced Oral Sex Techniques" a 30 minute video which describes and demonstrates oral sex techniques for arousal and orgasm.

FREE VIDEO OFFER

Warning: The effectiveness of *The Better Sex* video series is in part a result of the explicitness of the sexual demonstrations. Couples show you exactly how they practice successful and exciting new positions for intercourse, techniques for anal sex, mutual masturbation and oral stimulation. This series is for adult couples only and is extremely explicit.

THE
Better Sex
Video
SERIES®

— 1997 —

Browse our entire video library at
www.bettersex.com

¹Marriage and Family Therapy Center
College of Education
Northwestern University
Complete study results available upon request

Plan To Stop Your Problems Now

For fastest service call 24 hours/7 days **1-800-955-0888** ext. 36317 **SPECIAL OFFER!** Regularly \$29.95. Now only \$19.95.

The Soccer Institute, Dept H520, P.O. Box, Chapel Hill, NC 27514		Name	
Vol. 1: Soccer Site Techniques (H501)	29-45	19-95	
Vol. 2: Advanced Soc. Techniques (H502)	29-45	19-95	
Vol. 3: Training Site Plan (H503)	29-45	19-95	
Buy the 3-Volume Set and Save \$78 (H500)		45-95	
Advanced Club Site Techniques (H521) with Flyer			Free
		Date	____/____/____

<input type="checkbox"/> Sub Main Title	<input type="checkbox"/> Date	<input type="checkbox"/> rtd	<input type="checkbox"/> Reviewer	<input type="checkbox"/> SWS	Page # and of #	Size	Genre
---	-------------------------------	------------------------------	-----------------------------------	------------------------------	-----------------	------	-------

chain fiction

Chapter five:
The elegant final paragraph of our all-star serial story

BY FRANK MCCURT, PETE DEXTER, JACKIE COLLINS, MARTIN AMIS, AND GARRISON KEILLOR

When his name came, he stood from the podium that he was there to grace for his wife, daughter, not to "celebrate her life," and if they wanted every where some, he'd drink a glass and weep into it.

The audience was small, considering who the hall hosts: actresses, children, previous husbands, lawyers, the comers who were still alive from the television show. Although, no more than a handful people. The youngest of the children, Arthur, sat alone in the front row. He was forty-seven years old and had attended the wedding. He only stopped to do so. He had married her that day for her father.

The man next to the podium was contemporary. He liked his last husband. He spoke in an upward, angry voice of a love that had been accorded social convention in a poisonous, thoughtless world. He made passing reference to carrying on her work.

Arthur sat quietly and wept, smiling faintly, thinking of his mother's skin and breath, the wedding bed. He was awestruck by the man, the only person in the room who knew what was left in the room.

Two other husbands were present. Michael—tall and charming, "A guy Michelangelo," the Dowd used to say, forcing her out of the door sooner than he'd planned.

And Levant, her first husband—an extremely old and ridiculously rich man with one eye. He attended the wedding only to see with a black velvet eye patch maddened with one vase of flowers. Beside him sat Rita, his nurse, who'd formerly worked for the Dowd.

Her black eyes rested on Arthur. Ah—if only he'd responded to her when she'd begged that they might pursue a relationship. But no, he'd ignored her advances, and now it would give her great pleasure to reveal the truth.

Arthur was not the Dowd's son, and the woman the only one who could prove it.

Frank got into the aisle, thought Arthur at his usual childhood to a hall as the doorway of Levant's magnificent four-bedroom home. Frank got into the aisle. And Rita didn't help. And so for that Jack.

Arthur looked down at his pants and removed a tiny strip from his trousers. He threw the desired part of his black coat over his shoulder and made to throw his hair into the wrong mirror.

The host showed her into Rita's house. She was wearing her mother's uniform, a distressed dress with an A-line skirt. "It's a shame on your head," he said, "we are you just pleased to see me."

Toward morning, he took her again. As he shouldered himself empty, he turned and saw something glimmer in the dark doorway. Levant's eye patch with diamond studs.

Arthur awoke. Jackie was shaking him, the service was over. Frank lifted the blue jar containing the ashes. Rita waved to Arthur from the front of the mortuary chapel and mouthed the words "Love you, darling." She adored making a good show! And Rita was her favorite role. When she played Rita, the Dowd absolutely disappeared. And now she had sat, in her white uniform, next to Levant and swore the eulogies by her old writers, who depicted her. In all her years on the show, she had never spoken her lines as written. The impromptu remark about the thermometer on her tie had gotten a producer fired. For thirty years, she kept throwing loose ends into the story line. And now her death had tied up all loose ends at once, and she was free to spend the insurance money in Tucson (minus the 20 percent fee dear Arthur) and leave them to weep over the ashes of old scripts. ■



TOP LEFT: FRANK MCCURT; TOP RIGHT: PETE DEXTER; TOP MIDDLE: JACKIE COLLINS; TOP RIGHT: MARTIN AMIS; TOP RIGHT: GARRISON KEILLOR; TOP RIGHT: GARRISON KEILLOR

AN A&E WORLD PREMIERE EVENT

CALIFORNIA AND THE DREAM SEEKERS



**Prospectors searching for gold.
Hollywood hopefuls starving for fame.
The famous working on their fans.**

California: a place of wild boons and marvelous risk. Home to misadventures and movie stars, legends and troublemakers. Here, they could escape their past and invent a new life. Follow their amazing stories of an 1800-year-old city and held as the place they call the golden state.

Begins Sunday, January 18 8PM ET/9PM PT



Sponsored in part by MCI

© 1997 A&E Television Networks. All rights reserved.

www.aetv.com



GIORGIO ARMANI
CLASSICO